

MERRY ENGLAND.

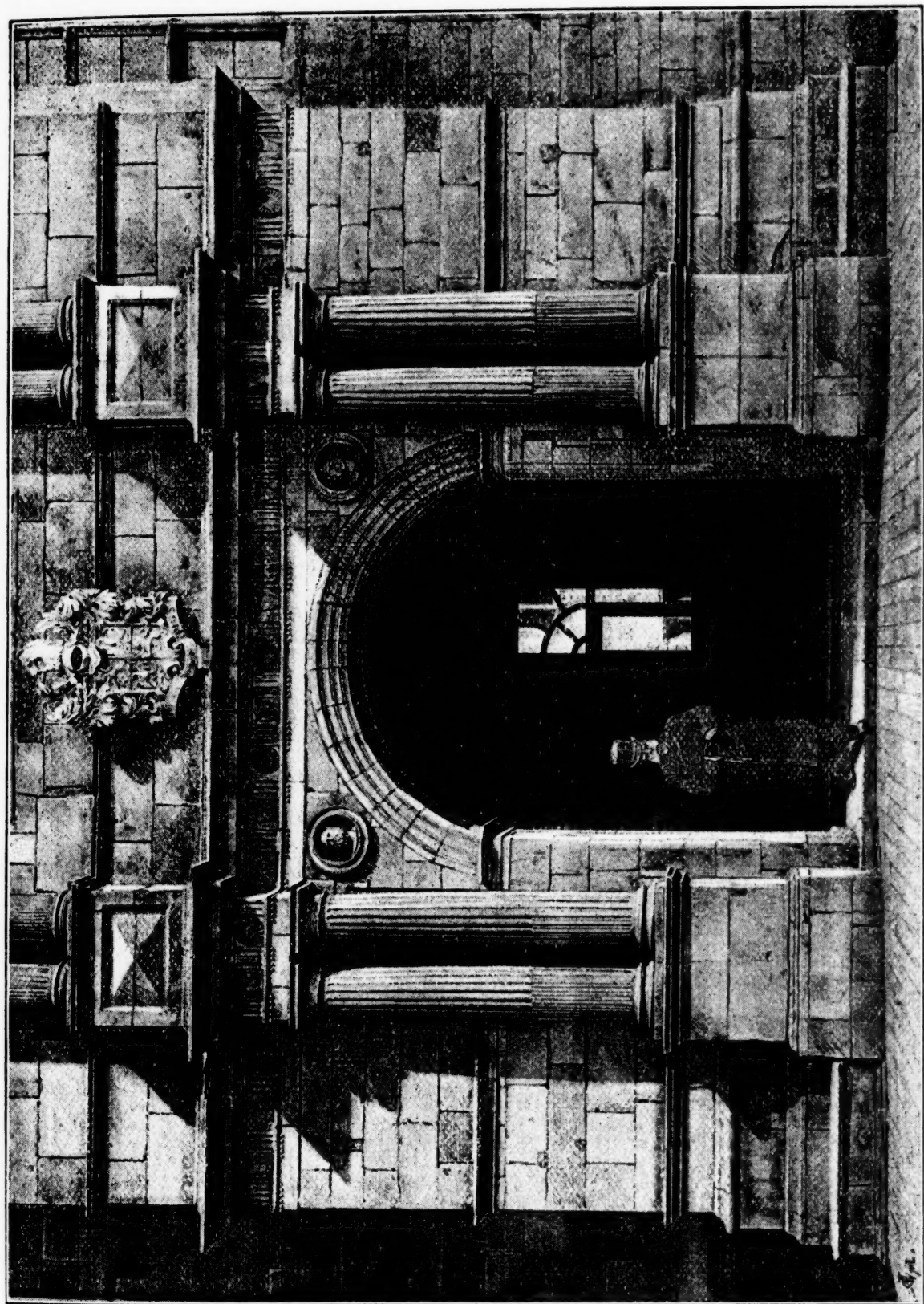
AUGUST, 1894.

The Stonyhurst Centenary.

3T was on the 14th of July, 1794, that the priests and students of the Jesuit College at Liège fled in boats down the Meuse, and began the *hegira* which, about August 26th of the same year, ended at Stonyhurst. Douai and St. Omer's had been seized by the revolutionary government of France more than a year before; their Communities had been subjected to a rigorous imprisonment; and although St. Edmund's (Old Hall) had been nine months in existence when the Jesuit flight began, many of the Douai men were still prisoners in France. The Liège College escaped the hardships of such an imprisonment as is described by Father Bernard Ward.* Belgium was not within striking distance of the Convention. But, in 1794, the country had become part of a wide battlefield, and the armies of France, which now commanded the whole course of the Rhine from Switzerland to its mouth, were in a fair way to make Belgium and Holland provinces of the Republic. The near neighbourhood of Pichegru warned the anxious Fathers that it was time to start. And yet only a short fortnight after Liège was left behind, and before the fugitives reached Rotterdam, Robespierre had tried to shoot himself, and had been guillotined, and the Great Revolution had spent its horrors.

* "History of St. Edmund's College," chapter v.

But, although it was in 1794 that Napoleon began to attract the notice of the world, and although there were to be no more "terrors," the English exiles were never to turn back. The Providence of God intended that a score of Communities—seculars, regulars, and religious women—should now find a home in England, and should make the coming century a time of blessing and of fruitfulness for English Catholicism. There were many of the home-driven exiles who would not believe that the old establishments had gone for ever. The fine Colleges and monastic houses, which the piety of munificent kings and the zeal of men like Allen and Parsons had provided for the children of the persecuted English, could not be carried to England. But the great majority of the Catholic Prelates and leaders saw that there was no help for it; Douai, and St. Omer's, and Liège were gone for ever—and there must be a fresh start. The Nuns, as they came over, settled down in old-fashioned houses, far away in the country. The Benedictines found a refuge at Acton Burnell, amid the Shropshire hills, until they went to Ampleforth and Downside. The secular clergy, after much debate, re-founded old Douai twice over, in the plains of the Lea and on the fells of St. Cuthbert's county palatine. Bishop Milner would have preferred Staffordshire but for a "certain Coadjutor" who ruled there; and, failing Staffordshire, with its nest of Catholics far from cities, he suggested a "remote situation in Wales." What might have been the colour of the past century had St. Edmund's been placed at Brecon or Carmarthen! The Jesuit Fathers from Liège landed at Hull some five weeks after they began their journey. Masters and boys, clad in a garb which the Yorkshire people howled at as being "French," ascended the Ouse to Selby in a barge. In the same fashion they travelled by canal to Leeds, and thence to Skipton. From Skipton the greater number of the party walked the remaining twenty-three miles, through Clitheroe, to a ruinous manor house just over



THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

the borders of Yorkshire, on the lower slopes of Longridge Fell, above the valley of the Ribble, which was already known—and was soon to be still more widely known—by the name of Stonyhurst.

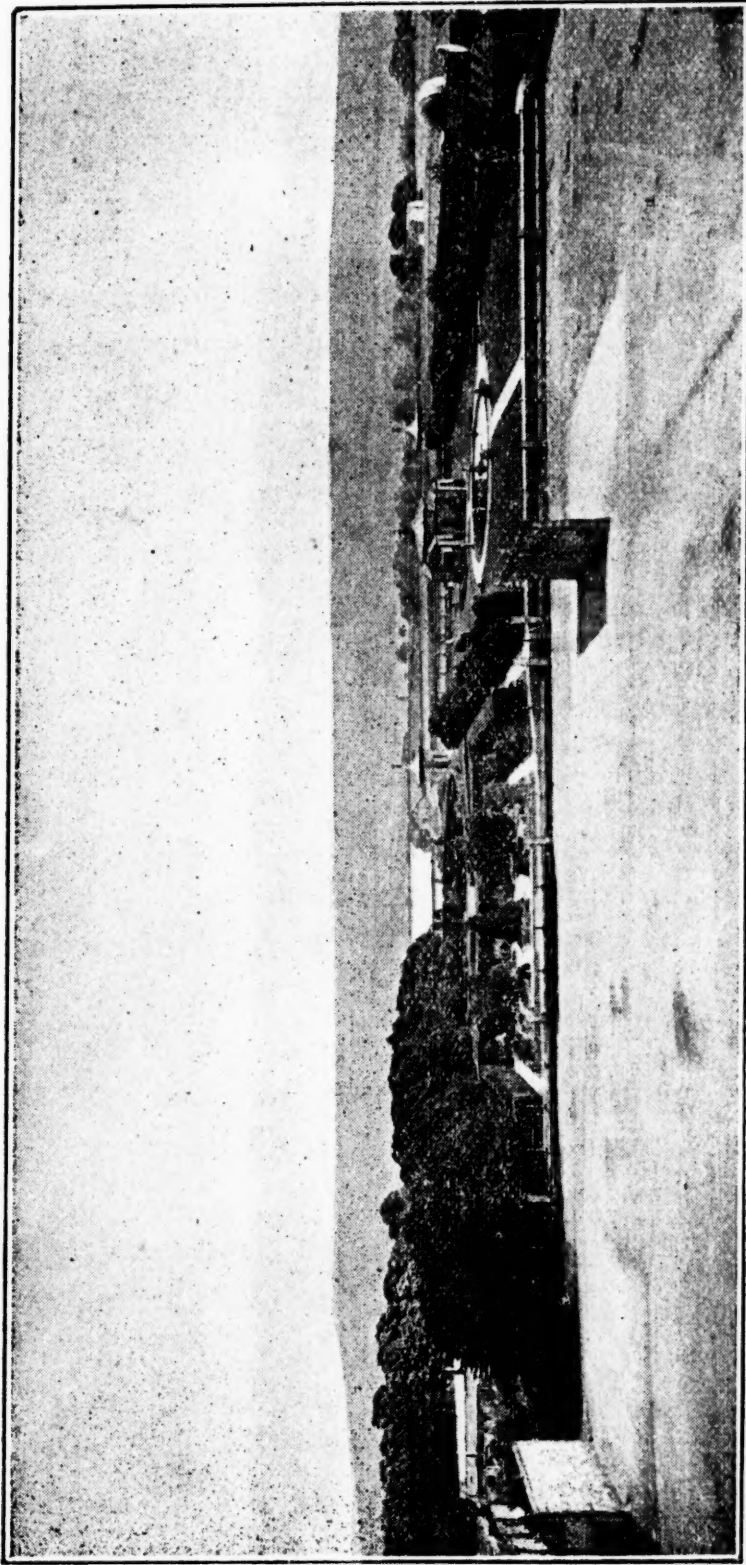
Father John Gerard has compiled a very complete history and description of the great Jesuit College.* Profusely illustrated, topographically, heraldically, archæologically, and architecturally, it carries us from the beginnings “beyond the seas” at St. Omer’s, to Brussels, Ghent, Liège, and, finally, to Stonyhurst. As a building, Stonyhurst has reached the end of its century in a condition more to be envied than that of any similar Catholic establishment in the country. What was on the ground when Thomas Weld gave it to the Fathers, in 1794, was noble and inspiring, though sadly in want of repair. The footsore lads who knocked at the great door or climbed through the windows, on that August night a hundred years ago, found the hearths desolate and the roofs decayed. But the house, with its great rooms, its grand lines, and its lofty tower, forbade its new masters to degrade it. At first, indeed, it seemed as if necessity, overriding sentiment, were about to do its worst. Father Charles Wright, Stonyhurst’s first Procurator, is, to a truly sympathetic reader, the most heroic figure in this Centenary Record. Let it there be read how he worked and endured, a hundred needs weighing upon him, and money not to be had. But Father Wright, like so many of those men on whom devolves the practical business of making the best of things, has the unenvied fame of having erected the “classic building” known as “Shirk”—“in a style of architecture,” says Father Gerard, “which has made its demolition the constant desire of those who came after him”—and of other equally objectionable extensions which contrasted painfully with Sir Richard Shireburn’s beautiful Hall.

* “Stonihurst College. Centenary Record.” By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. To the publishers of this handsome volume, Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., we are indebted for permission to reproduce the illustrations accompanying this article.

About ten years later (1808) the greater part of what so many will remember as the old Stonyhurst College was carried out by Father Sewall. This involved the demolition of much of the ancient building. The result was satisfactory in one sense; the College, now largely increasing in numbers, had study-place, classrooms, playrooms, dormitories, and Academy room. They were built in the plainest style, without the slightest attempt to harmonise the new with the old. Intended to last for forty years, they did duty for more than seventy. It was about 1836 that the present church was built—one of the very first specimens of the Gothic revival. Twenty years later, from the plans of Father Richard Vaughan, the front court was completed in the style of the original Shireburn building—a great step, from which there was to be no receding; and after various Rectors had made many additions and improvements inside and out, yet another twenty years (1876) saw the beginning of that magnificent enterprise, which stands first among English Catholic works of the whole century—the replacing of what we may call Stonyhurst old College—the old playground front—by collegiate buildings in the style of the ancient Hall. These consist of a centre block standing out from two wings, giving a total frontage of 760 feet. They took thirteen years to complete, the Rectors of Stonyhurst during that time being Father Edward Purbrick (who decided on the general plan, and laid the first stone in 1877), Father Eyre, and Father Colley.

Father Gerard gives in much detail the particulars of what has been briefly summarised here. The race of men, or boys, who for a hundred years went and came in these study-places, playrooms, and dormitories has, besides the characteristics common to school-boys everywhere, some few peculiarities. One of these is a tendency to join the Society. This need not be dwelt upon, for it is very natural; but it may here be said that a considerable number of men who undoubtedly would have

made their mark in the learned professions, the services, and literature, have lived and died in comparative obscurity, as Jesuit Fathers; not that they did nothing for God and men, but that the greater part of what might have been fame has been absorbed by the Society itself, or has perhaps escaped in the rare atmosphere of humble self-effacement. As for those Stonyhurst boys whom one has met in the world, and who, as Father Gerard says, are met in every part of it, it would be a very delicate task to make comparisons, and in truth also very useless. There have been good, bad, and indifferent among them, as among the boys of other schools. But, leaving comparisons alone, it may certainly be said that the really favourable type of Stonyhurst man shows you that he has had an education. This is not so common a matter as it seems. At Stonyhurst there has always been largeness, thoroughness, and cautious progress. The size of the place, its traditions, its numbers, and the prestige of its very buildings, have tended to make its students feel, as they entered the world, that they would never meet anything anywhere that was better of the same sort. Its very strict academic training, its early attention to science, its formal and imposing examinations and exhibitions, and even its handsome distribution of rewards and prizes, have had the effect of giving the youthful mind a respect for all that goes under the name of "College learning"—a respect which may differ from learning itself, but which is a great force in the formation of character. Then, Stonyhurst has always moved with the times—but moved with great caution. Of this we see many instances in Father Gerard's narrative. We find few experiments and no revelations; but only the changes made by men who possess a fine house or castle, and wish to make its defences less antique and its furniture a little more modern. Nothing impresses a youthful character so strongly as the strength of a great and active system, moving relentlessly along without allowing anyone to question, and yet attracting



THE NEW PLAYGROUND.

or taking in modern ideas, and close to the highways of the existing world. The very football and cricket of Stonyhurst have always been "educative" forces, in their adaptability to circumstances, in their scientific regulation from the beginning, and in the slowness and wariness with which they at length yielded to that which, on the whole, was thought to be better. So that a young man, coming away from the College in his eighteenth or nineteenth year, naturally carried with him, together with a careful preparation in classics and mathematics, those habits of work, discipline, and respect, and that maturity and width of view which go so far to make an educated mind.

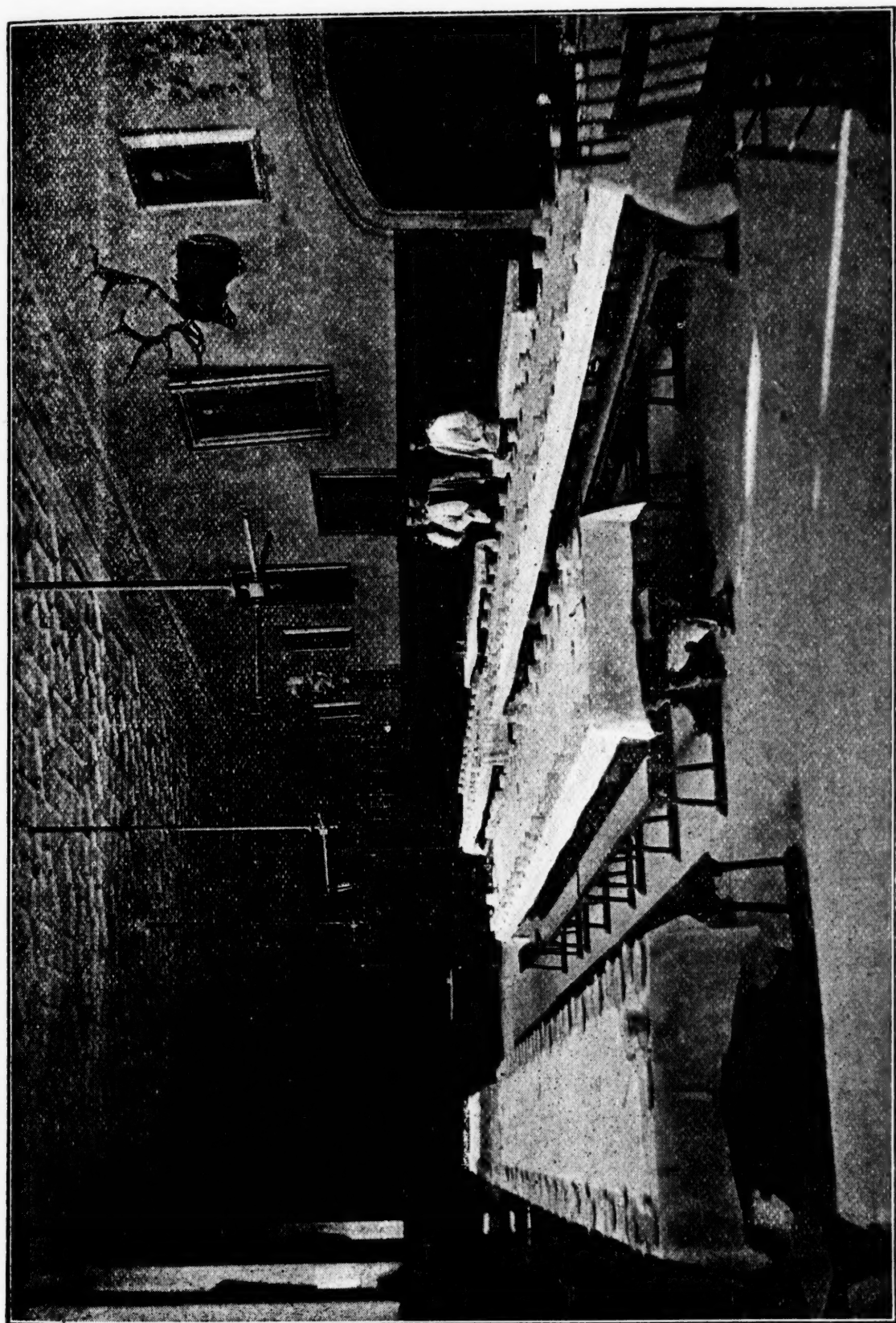
Father Gerard seems to suggest that no old Stonyhurst boy has more thoroughly proved the excellence of Stonyhurst education than Sir Thomas Wyse, who died in April, 1862. It will be remembered that Sir Thomas Wyse, an Irishman, who at first fought by the side of O'Connell, was a distinguished educational reformer in the days of Lord Grey, and did good political work abroad under Lord Palmerston. It is pleasing to reflect that in one respect, at least, the career of a man like this illustrates the effect of a Stonyhurst training—that is, in his loyalty to his religious faith. No one can recall what he knows of Stonyhurst men without admitting that, as a rule, they have been staunch Catholics. Looking at the century just ended, there is no College in England which has had in its schools so many of the noble, gentle, and cultured classes of English Catholicism. Stonyhurst has taught them that dutiful, and sometimes enthusiastic, adherence to their religion which has effectually put a stop to the alarming apostasies which set in about 1829. Let the reader go through the names—more than two hundred—of those who, in 1810, signed the address for the restoration of the Society,* and he will find hardly any that we have to mourn as lost to religion. The philosophy which Stony-

* "Centenary Record," p. 120.

hurst now teaches so successfully to her young men is most commendable, and there is no one who does not wish the undertaking the success which it deserves ; but she has taught her children a better philosophy still, by means of the steady pressure exerted by her trained Fathers on their minds and hearts in everything that affects religion. " You are a Catholic," she has said to all who were about to leave her shelter. " You are a Catholic ; own it openly, and live up to your name."

It cannot be doubted that this marked loyalty to Catholicism on the part of Stonyhurst men, although it is in part the result of a thoroughly pious system of training, must be set down in great measure to that most distinctive character of Stonyhurst teaching—that is to say, teaching by priests or Religious, who are themselves members of the Society of Jesus. What is called " clerical " teaching was not long ago the rule in all the great schools of this country. It is becoming gradually discarded, and now the greater part of the assistant-masters, and many even of the head-masters, are laymen. Slight as is the difference between a Protestant clergyman and a layman, the change is one that is pernicious to real education. In our Catholic schools the movement—if there is a movement—has not gone very far. At Stonyhurst, as far as appears, no attempt has ever been made to import teachers other than members of the body. A teacher of young boys must not only be a good man, but he must be a man trained in goodness. He should be a man who is not only desirous of leading his pupils to God, as far as lies in his way, but one who has had some sort of a " novitiate," is more or less matured in self-restraint, in patience and in humility, and is thoroughly conscious of the respect which is due to innocence and of the peculiar heinousness of scandal to little ones. It is the absence of these qualities in teachers that causes so many young Catholic men to begin their career in life without respect, without solidity, and without any idea of self-denial. If the teacher is worldly, or even if he is

only callow in Christian philosophy, and ignorant in spiritual discipline, mischief will make its appearance even in a lesson of Virgil, and moral harm will be done in the most rarefied atmosphere of mathematics. The Catholic body has to thank the Jesuit Fathers—and principally Stonyhurst—for having so strongly maintained, for a century, this great principle. The result has been seen, not only in three generations of staunch Catholics, but in a strong union and affection between Stonyhurst masters and boys, and a warm love on the part of both for the College itself. This may not be peculiar to Stonyhurst; but it is nowhere more marked. In the earlier days, when the College was at St. Omer's, masters and boys were drawn together by the dangers and troubles which awaited both priests and laymen in those dark times. From the Venerable Father Garnet, said to have been the first boy at St. Omer's, who was hanged at Tyburn in 1608, to the victims of the Oates Plot, about 1679, sixteen Jesuit Fathers, and four or five others, all students of St. Omer's, passed from the College to the prison and the scaffold. It was in company of men like these that were brought up laymen like Sir Henry Gage, Governor of Oxford for King Charles I., who, when the King remonstrated with him for attending the Catholic service, replied that "he had never dissembled his religion, nor never would." It was at the beginning of the St. Omer's days that the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was established—destined through well-nigh three centuries already to unite all loyal Stonyhurst men in loyalty to God and Our Lady. As time went on, and when at length the old House was set up in sight of Pendle Hill, the men who were masters had almost always been Stonyhurst boys themselves. The old ways went on from generation to generation. The old names, the old customs, the old plays and games—together with the old British loyalty which no persecution could ever extinguish—continued in Lancashire, as in Flanders and Belgium. From Father Gerard's Record one can plainly see that this pleasant continuity



THE BOYS' REFECTORY.

and conservatism by no means prevented the shrewd men at the head of affairs from introducing with a masterful hand whatever changes in studies or *curriculum* they decided to be needful. Moreover, towards the beginning of its second half-century Stonyhurst began, like all Catholic England, to reap the fruit of the Oxford Movement, and to feel the advantage of having among her rectors and professors men like Father E. Purbrick and Father Kingdon. But, on the whole, her own *alumni* continued to man her services, and the brilliant teachers, from Father Peter Gallwey down to Father Gerard himself, whom the present generation knows, seem to owe little to any source outside their own *Alma Mater*. That a College with so strong a feeling for first-class efficiency, combined with so much of that fastidious adhesion to old customs which captivates the fancy of a boy, should keep her hold on her children wherever life might disperse them, is not to be wondered at. Father Gerard, speaking as one who has had a conspicuous share in Stonyhurst life for many years, says: "The bond of union between masters and boys was (at St. Omer's) far closer and more intimate than could be the case under a different system. And this remains the same. Stonyhurst masters have, as a rule, been Stonyhurst boys, and their College is for them a centre of interest with which there is nothing else to compete. This it is, more than any other circumstance, that makes it hard for one who looks from outside to understand the peculiar character of Stonyhurst life."* An illustration of the "spirit of the past still vigorous" is found by Father Gerard in the history of the College stage. The Stonyhurst drama has been written about by many "old boys" in various periodicals. Father Gerard gives a consecutive story, from the beginning at St. Omer's to the "Centenary operetta" which was presented at the celebration on July 24th last. But it can hardly be disputed that the old Jesuit tradition in regard to dramatic

* "Record," p. 30.

representations has suffered no slight change. True, there have been plays all through the three centuries; but there are plays and plays. When the Blessed Edmund Campion, before St. Omer's was founded, wrote his admired Latin tragedies on Scriptural and classical subjects, it was for a purpose intimately connected with that rhetorical teaching which in those days included both morals and literature, both matter and manner. We do not find that the St. Omer's or Liège students acted any of Campion's plays; but, doubtless, that "Leonidas," of which the programme, dated 1755, is given in fac-simile, and the other Latin plays of early times (some of them home-made) were intended as serious academic exercises. But in the beginnings of Stonyhurst there is a notable falling off. "Home-made" English plays, bombastic effusions like the "Iron Chest," and farces like "High Life Below Stairs," follow each other during the first twenty years; and it is not till 1815 that we find an attempt to present Shakspeare in the First Part of Henry IV. After that, however, Shakspeare recurs nearly every year, or every alternate year, till 1884, when the First Part of Henry IV. is given again. Subsequently he appears no more till Shrovetide of this present year, when the same perennial play was acted. May this be an earnest that the greater traditions of Stonyhurst dramatic history will henceforth prevail once more. Farce and melodrama, and Gilbert and Sullivan, are commendable in their place. No one need dispute the minor advantages of College plays—such advantages as are quaintly noted by old Father Hoskins, of St. Omer's: "A neat domestic theatre servd for their diversion, or to teach them a genteel way of behaving, and carriage, and to brake them of that Bashfulness so natural to ye English." This is quite right; but the old Jesuit educators saw in a good and serious play the instrument of a culture indefinitely higher and more important.

The late Centenary celebration, held at the College on the

24th, 25th, and 26th of last month, was on a splendid scale, and was marked by every circumstance of religious and academical dignity, and of festal hospitality, which such an occasion would seem to demand. But to a visitor the true Stonyhurst was necessarily somewhat obscured by the very throng and pomp of what was intended to do her honour. The presence of the Cardinal Archbishop and of twelve or thirteen Bishops, with many dignified ecclesiastics and laymen, gave a somewhat formal and solemn air to a gathering which, one might have been inclined to say, would more fittingly have consisted solely of those who looked up to Stonyhurst as their mother. And there were many absent who, from this point of view, should certainly have been there—that is to say, those numerous sons of the old House who, in the present generation, have joined the army of St. Ignatius. Jesuit Fathers of name and venerable fame were there, and a crowd of young laymen; but the very flower of the Stonyhurst family, her choicest sons, and those who loved her most warmly, were but thinly represented. This could not be helped. But it was necessary for the visitor to look below the gay and brilliant scene, to reconstruct the hundred years that were closing, to bring back to life the old generations, from the time of the first way-worn party who said their night prayers amid silence and desolation, down through days of straits and poverty, days of gradual building up, days of beginning and of ending, whilst each autumn brought youth and hope in troops to the old gates, and each summer saw the joyous flock take its flight, many never to return. It was necessary to live again in the ancient rooms, the halls, and studies now destroyed, the chapels which in turn had served for successive bands of youthful hearts, where God watched over them through all the quickly-passing years. It was needful to fill the playgrounds and the playing-fields, and to watch, in imagination, the country walks and all the strong and pleasant life of games and friendships. Above all, one had to pass in review

before the aroused fancy the line of men who had lived, taught, and laboured within those precincts; men mostly English, on whose forehead was set the mark of St. Ignatius, men of many-sided character and of every kind of power, who had taken their part and looked on at each successive youthful generation with the circumspection of priests, the solicitude of parents, and the sympathy of elder brothers. The greater part of them were now at rest—their spirits, we may hope, with the just, and their bodies awaiting the resurrection in the cemetery and in a hundred other spots of the hospitable earth. In the ample cloisters and great halls of a nobler College one encountered the old garb and the old look, and it did not require any violence of effort to believe that if there were new names and new personalities the selfsame spirit was still there, and the men who now directed, organised, ministered, and sacrificed themselves were still of the race which gave her Martyrs to St. Omer's, which held Liège as an armed camp for the benefit of English Catholicism, and which built up so bravely after the storm the beginnings of Stonyhurst. We may be sure that the work will go on. To enter into the true history of the past century at Stonyhurst is to learn to be confident in the future. There can be no greater enterprise than that of giving English Catholics a first class and a Catholic education combined. May the blessing of God be upon the House and those who dwell therein!

JOHN CUTHBERT,
Bishop of Newport and Menevia.

Sonnet.

3 HAD a live joy once and pampered her,
 For I had brought her from the "golden East,"
 To lie when nights were cold upon my breast
 And sit beside me the long days and purr,
 Until her whole soul should be lapped in fur,
 Deep as her claws ; a beautiful sleek beast,
 Which I might love.—But, when I dreamed it least,
 Her topaz eyes were on my stomacher,
 Athirst for blood. Thus, for I loathed her since
 I learned her guile, one night I had her slain
 And thrown upon a dunghill to the flies,
 Who bred in her fair limbs a pestilence,
 Whereof I sickened.—Thus it ever is :
 Dead joys unburied breed us death and pain.

WILFRID BLUNT.

Flickles.

PART II.

EARLIER in the day Macquire, who was just returning to his primeval state of a vigorous, cleanly gentleman, had asked Flickles, with jocular curiosity, what was the reason of his large money chest, and the accumulation of long years of savings. There was an air of wealth and comfort about Macquire's tenement, by this time, that had provoked more than one adverse criticism in Carbøy Street.

"I'm thinkin' of gettin' married," drawled Flickles, thoughtfully, blinking his long lashes over his grey eyes.

For a long time past Macquire had had another question to put. He wanted to know if Flickles remembered a past night, when his steady eyes and hand had chased blind horror from his, Macquire's, soul.

Yes, Flickles remembered it very well. A glow of exultation, not unworthy of the cause, shone softly in his face. But Macquire did not see it. He was embarrassed, yet felt that the recollection was necessary ; and wondered if Flickles remembered he had forsworn all diabolical outbursts for over a month. Flickles did remember that, too ; but did not choose to say so. His intention was to thoroughly rout that contradictory weakness in Macquire's nature, which bore fatally towards excess of inward self-consciousness.

Macquire, slightly discomposed, but mentally braced, went off to work, thinking strange, not unpleasant thoughts of his promising future. He was immersed so deeply therein, by the

time he gained the ground floor, that he did not hear anything of the muttered scandal that an old hag snarled out at him from toothless gums and her doorway.

But Flickles heard it, as he went by, later in the day. The hag's chief business in life at eighty-three years of age was to stand at her door and retail frightful lies, and still more frightful truths, to such of her neighbours as had time to spare for the pastime. From that day to this that tongue has been silent, and there is a long white streak on the old woman's cheek, as if the finger of Death had fallen on it and scarred it for ever.

The door was tightly shut, and only she and Flickles knew the tremendous, silent scene that was enacted there, three awful minutes. That he had not strangled her, in his vengeance and her foaming helplessness, was less through the spending of relentless passion than icy contempt for her impotence. Flickles knew she would never stand at her door and retail slander of Macquire's daughter again.

But the poison on the shaft went home, and a new possibility, heralded by a fear too awful to be framed, even in thought, uprose and checked his feet, faltering for the first time when Jessie, all radiant in her summer raiment, came in view. After the first pause he went on again, and his heart also. Jessie came slowly to meet him, and more than one man who passed turned to look after her.

Hardly daring to look at her himself, he yet saw she had been crying. He was not prepared to hear (she spoke with confusion, as if her words were a preamble to a lengthier confession) that her aunt had been for a long time asking her to come and live with her, and that she had, at last, accepted this offer of a home. They walked to Carboy Street in a strange, electric silence. Jessie hesitated on the threshold of her old home, but Flickles drew the door sharply to behind him. She was trembling because she had her own secret to tell, and the twilight was not so deep that it concealed her fears.

Flickles caught her hand and looked at her. Again through the twilight they saw each other.

"Oh, no, Flickles! no! no!" she cried, with a little, dry, frightened sob—"No! no!"

He continued to look at her; and Jessie, before that gaze, indescribable, beseechingly passionate, fiercely desperate, rallied her forces to meet it, and shatter, by her own methods, the utter presumption it embodied.

"Me—who am seventeen come August next, Flickles! a woman grown!" she exclaimed, "an' you a child still!"

Her wan smiles should have cut into his heart, they were so bravely pathetic with the pathos of her own unuttered tale. Her tears ran down like rain and fell on his hands. He did not let hers go. "For shame, Flickles," she sobbed, between hopeless laughter and tears; "an' you only a boy still."

"No," said Flickles, with pale, steady lips. "Not a boy any more now—I love you."

"Well, well; but I'm a woman, dear! Can't you understand? I'm a woman, a woman, Flickles!"

"An' I'm a man! I love you, Jessie."

"Oh! what—what do you want?" she cried at last. Her despair was half hysterical, half comic, and wholly piteous. "I've bin grown up for years, Flickles; ever since you were a baby. Didn't you know that? Why I've had lovers while you were spinnin' tops!"

"But I've loved you for years, too ——"

"An' you want to be my lover now? Poor little Flickles!"

He started at that, as if he had been stung. His very lips grew bloodless. But he did not guess why all her girlish gaiety had turned to motherly tenderness, and that there was more pity than mockery in her caress.

"You'll get another gal soon, Flickles! a gal wot u'll love you right away, an' make you no end happy," said Jessie's reluctantly gay voice. He heard it as if through a dream. "An' she'll be a good lot better than me, Flickles."

It was advisable to tell her own secret here. His fierce grip on her hand and what she saw in his face made this confession necessary. It was not a guiltless secret; but Jessie's voice hardly faltered, nor did she change colour but once, and that was when she spoke of him for whose sake and love she had cast her innocence into the mire. For a less worthy blush than hers was then, men have often gladly died. It told of love, and that the glory of the sacrifice was greater than the shame.

It was not too dark for Flickles to see it; but she did not once look at his face in telling her story.

"Auntie's a real good lot! She'll 'ave me at 'er 'ome till—this—is over! An'—an', Flickles, we're goin' to be married 'fore the year's out, anyway. *He* says so." . . .

Down many flights of stairs an old hag mumbled and snivelled over her pipe. There were discoloured marks on her face, and she nursed her jaw with one skinny hand. Her eyes shone evilly.

"But 'e can't make my words false for all 'is dam fistises," snarled the voice in shrill, malignant satisfaction. "She's a worthless 'ussy, an' I'll git my gal to tell Macquire so, to-morrer."

"An' 'e can't turn wots true into a lie. An' she's a bad lot for all 'is dam fistises. Wish I'd wrung 'is dam little neck for 'im long ago when 'e was a babby, an' crawlin' about these stepses. I'd 'ave the law for this, I would, only 'e's so cunnin'. 'E'd git over 'em as 'e gits over ev'rybody but 'er—ha! ha!—but 'er! An' another man's ruined 'er!" . . .

"An' you'll get another gal, Flickles, an' you'll both be 'appy as the day is long, when you've forgotten me."

But she did not think so; else she had not cried, softly, in drawing her hand away, and moving towards the door.

"It could'nt have bin, Flickles, old boy. You see, I never thought of it—*so*—till it was no use."

"But you did think," said Flickles.

He had stepped back to open the door for her to pass out.

"Yes, but then it was too late, an' only by somethink you looked once," said Jessie. "Don't go on caring, Flickles," she whispered, pausing as she passed through, with drooping head. "I want you to forget," she whispered, passionately, as a scarlet spot showed suddenly in her whitened cheeks. "To forget me altogether!"

He stared at her, miserably, hungrily, but he made no sign. Jessie clasped her hands together.

"Oh! if there was a hell, Flickles, like in the tractses, an' I was at the bottom, far away at the bottom—"

He nodded to show he followed her meaning.

"An' you were on the top hill of Heaven—s'posin' there was a Heaven—would you come down to me, Flickles?"

She knew he would as his lips parted into the coldest smile.

"But if we might only change an' you stay down in hell, an' I go up to Heaven, an' be happy with—with someone else, an' you was always to stay there, alone, would you change then Flickles; if you was happy in that Heaven—oh! ever so happy! an' I was unhappy an' wanted to git out o' that hell?"

Again she knew he would. "Do you care for me like that!" she exclaimed. She spoke half aloud, in breathless awe.

"Like wot? I love you!"

"If you care for me like that," she went on softly, "you'll do wot I tell you, an' not think o' me no more; forget me, Flickles, for good or bad."

He drew her in again quickly, and the door to after her. She was less frightened than full of wonder for what she saw, but did not understand.

"Hi'll let ye go right away, Jessie, an' never come nigh ye agin—never, s'elp me Gawd! Only give me one kiss, Jessie. You must do that!"

She drew back in startled hesitation. He seized her hands again.

"Only one," he whispered hoarsely, with bloodless lips and fierce, glittering eyes, "'cause I love ye so much, Jessie."

But she shook her head fiercely, in her turn, his reiterated passion steeling her heart.

"I've loved ye all my life long—'fore I knew wot loving was," said Flickles. "An' I've never had one kiss from ye—no, not one!"

Her spirit relented, but not her shining eyes.

"If I give ye one ye'll arsk for two. I knows 'ow it is with kissin'," said the voice of mocking wisdom.

"May Gawd strike me dead if I do!" cried Flickles, passionately.

Their lips met. A harsh sob broke from Flickles.

"I knew 'ow it would be!" cried Jessie, with pale, bitter lips. "That kiss would ha' been better not given."

Flickles caught the hem of her cotton skirt and pressed it to his working mouth as she ran out past him.

"It is 'ard on 'im," thought Jessie, wiping her tears away as she went down into the street. "But 'e should ha' known better, 'e should—a little kid like 'im! An' they all forgets."

But she did not think he would.

Flickles spent that evening in counting over the money he had laid by in his chest since he first began to save.

Lights showed only through a few windows when Jessie left her old home, and there was a great stillness in it as night came slowly down. The darkness was well begun before Flickles stirred from his dark corner and went over to where his chest stood. He struck a light unsteadily, and was absorbed in counting, when Macquire came boisterously in. His entrance failed to draw Flickles from his chest and his abstruse calculations.

"Thinkin' o' gettin' married right away, Flickles, hey?" said the man, scattering a carefully-erected pile of pennies with his foot. "Confound me if I don't believe I will, too!"

There was a dry pause.

"I've given up thoughts of marriage," said Flickles at last, with a cold stare at the too playful foot.

"The deuce you have!" returned Macquire, with a laugh. "How much you got there, Flickles?"

"Sevin pound thirteen an' fourpence."

Macquire whistled.

"God bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "I'm hung if I won't begin saving myself if that's what you can do on your measly savings. Hey, Flickles? It 'ud be a good move, wouldn't it? What d'ye think? Then I could get out o' this hole, an' p'raps get among gentlemen again—not my old pals—but make a clean start in a new country p'raps, hey? And bring up Jess more like the lady she should have been brought up; an' have servants under me instead of working like a nigger under a cad who doesn't know a gentleman from a blackguard, an'——"

"That reminds me," broke in Flickles, in a quiet, toneless voice, "Miss Macquire arsked me to say she's gone on a visit to 'er aunt."

Macquire grunted; his soul burned to begin his fresh life in a new country, a gentleman by right, of assured position, and out of the reach of officious, plebeian relations, who knew the full shame of his fall. There was an odd, red flicker in his eyes. "You must help me, Flickles, to begin the saving dodge," he said. "You've stuck to me through thick and thin, and kept me straight, and I'll make you a gentleman out there. We'll go into partnership in something big. You've got the brains for it, and I've got the ideas. And you'll be a made man before you know where you are. How'd you save, Flickles? Keep a book—accounts, hey?"

"I'll show you to-morrer, not to-night. I'm tired," said Flickles, shortly. He swept his money into his chest and went off on the word.

"Mind you begin to-morrow, Flickles!" shouted Jessie's father after him, restlessly.

"To-morrer," called back Flickles. "Yes, to-morrer."

He was trying to tell himself that he had not failed in the second of the great purposes of his life, and that Macquire's soul was still worth striving for. Yet it was not till morning came that resolution emerged, free and undaunted, from the wreck of shattered hope.

But though the zest of the game was gone, Flickles knew, rather than felt, that there was still one other desire possible of fulfilment. It was with something of the gambler's spirit that he played his cards the next morning in the scheme of the newer, wider life Macquire and he worked out together, by the light of the former's future savings.

Macquire, suddenly fired to re-enter the old life he was born into, with all its manifold privileges, declared, emphatically, the game, with its many self-sacrifices, was worth the candle. Flickles did not say it was. He was thinking of Jessie, and thought made him wince.

"An' you'll help in the job, Flickles? What I am's owing to you! You'll stick to me in this, too?"

"I'll stick," answered Flickles, quietly, his thoughts involuntarily reverting to the delirious drunkard he had rescued from the worst shambles of his degradation.

Macquire started off gaily for his riverside labour.

It was in the evening of that day, when he was coming home, that Molly Praylett, the chatterer-in-chief of Carboy Street, buttonholed him, and told him that his daughter, Jessie, on whom he lavished much more or less selfish pride and no little affection, was no better than she should be!

The odd, red fire came again into his eyes, and he began to wonder what Molly was telling him so earnestly. The words he knew, but the sense did not seem to reach his brain. Molly grew more explicit and more intense in her telling, and suddenly found Macquire's hands at her throat.

She ducked and escaped his grasp, and another woman came

out of her doorway and mocked at Macquire for his innocence. From afar off there came a fresh volley of mockery, directed solely at him and his new and ludicrous teetotal habits. This took place on the lowest floor of the house; and behind her door Molly Praylett's mother laughed in her evil throat until she choked.

Then from an upper landing a woman called Jessie Macquire's name softly down, and coupled it with an unspeakable epithet. Macquire, uttering a wolfish, strangled cry, sprang upstairs. The women fell back in all directions, like a dissolved pack of dirty cards. There was the slamming of doors.

Macquire, with the taste of blood in his throat and red spots dancing before his eyes, had burst open his own door before the sense of the woman's words, who had called him a drivelling, teetotal fool, had been fixed in his wheeling brain. He was saying them as he rushed up. They were the last words he heard before those two deadly ones came softly from above. These he said vacantly, over and over, after those others; and, stumbling, fell forward heavily, his forehead striking the edge of Flickles's chest.

He rose the next second, and there was a stream of blood running down his face, but he did not know it. The veins on his temples stood out black and swollen, and there was an ugly look in his eyes. "Someone has got to pay for this!" he thought. He wondered who.

A short, harsh laugh escaped him, and he mentioned his daughter's name. Yes, Jessie, of course; he would make her pay! She was his daughter, and he would let her see if she could drag his good name and hers into the dirt, so that the very gutter women mocked it with their foul tongues! He would make Jessie pay! He would——

The red light shone up again in his eyes. Two lusts fought within him for mastery over his soul; till a flood of delayed cunning showed how they could better bring about his purpose by joining hands, and one abet the other.

But to get drunk he must have money, he remembered. He bit his fingers till the skin burst and the blood streamed down, finding he had not a penny about him.

As another of those burning flashes of intelligence struck across his passion-stupefied brain, he remembered Flickles's chest held money. The women, listening breathlessly at their doors, heard the steady sound of hammering and then a short crash.

They thought he was breaking his furniture in a blind fit of passion, and shrank into their rooms as he swung heavily downstairs again. Afterwards they spoke with bated breath of his purple-streaked face and flaming eyes. Molly Praylett's mother grinned like a vampire as she spied, through a chink in her door, Flickles return that night, straight home from his crossing for the first time for many years.

"Hi, Flickles!"

Molly Praylett herself peered into the darkened, disordered room. She had crept up after him, being slightly afraid of the effect her handiwork might cause, and inclined to repent of her share in Macquire's rude awakening.

"'E took it, Flickles, an' made orf."

"Weer to?" said Flickles. His steady gaze held her captive even more than Macquire's powerful hands could.

"Gawd knows! They say 'e's gawn on the drink agin."

Flickles's mouth trembled. His eyes penetrated into the woman's soul.

"Keep 'er out o' the way, Flickles."

"An' you keep outer mine," said Flickles, slowly.

She shrank away, fearing what she saw in his steady, stern eyes.

"Your mother's got a mark I give 'er she won't wipe orf till she's in 'ell," Flickles called, softly, after Molly. The woman paused, in impotent, scowling wrath. "Take 'eed I don't mark you too. I will if I 'ear agin wot I give 'ers for."

From hour to hour Flickles searched for Macquire, and day

found him searching still. Very awful were some of the places his faithful feet took him to. There was not one of his old haunts he did not rout out, through and through, and in vain. "That limb o' Satan past me just now an' as good as threatened to kill me if I opens my lips agin," said Molly to her mother, in high dudgeon, towards the close of the following afternoon. "An' all for wot? A pack o' rubbish an' dirt 'oom I spits on."

Her mother swore comprehensively, including in her attentions Flickles, Macquire, his daughter, and their respective ancestors, to the third generation back. She was in her doorway, chuckling over the remembrance of Macquire's face as she last saw it, when Flickles came slowly in. It was nearly dark now, and he had not yet found Macquire.

Molly's mother turned black in the face and disappeared behind her door, quaking in every limb. A quarter of an hour's steady pull at her pipe and three drams of neat gin were necessary to her recovery after the shock. This was the reason why she did not see the shawled, girlish figure, that slipped past her door and disappeared in the gloom of the staircase, ten minutes after Flickles returned home.

"My Gawd! Jess!"

"Well, don't look so scared, you little fool! I'm not a ghost. I've come for my things."

"But I wrote yer to day yer couldn't—that I'd bring 'em over!"

"How you stare, Flickles! Don't be sich a fool. I'm not afraid—an' I wanted to pack up my things myself, Flickles. What are ye doin'? I'm not afraid."

"But I am," gasped Flickles. "When 'e comes 'e'll be mad—mad. "'E'll 'ave 'ad twenty-fower hours steady drinkin', drinkin', drinkin' by now."

"My—my Gawd!" stammered Jessie "I thought you'd cured 'im o' that!"

"I 'ad," said Flickles, with an icy laugh.

"Wot's made 'im go orf?" asked Jessie, in a faint whisper at

the back of her throat. But she caught her breath. She knew.

Flickles seized her hands. "Jessie! go away now for Gawd's sake. 'Tisn't any sense stayin'," he said, with a hard, dry sob.

An unknown danger seemed to hang heavily over them, as a lowering cloud, in the hushed, oppressive night air. Jessie had simply not believed in any reason for fear. Now Flickles's own fear began to infect her. She fell to trembling.

"Wot's that?"

"Only Granny Warson's door slammin'. Come away, Jessie, come very quick!"

She snatched her shawl, and he drew her forward quickly. She was very pale now.

"I—I didn't think. I—I didn't know this, Flickles."

But the danger to her was only vague; and Flickles's face and manner were the chief causes of her alarm.

"Wot's that?"

"Drunken Tim comin' 'ome! Oh Jessie, come!"

"'E lives on Floor 2. This is comin' up 'ere.—Oh! Flickles, save me!!!"

She threw her arms round him as the door burst open. It swung to violently again and Macquire stood rocking inside against it. In that supreme moment an incommunicable joy thrilled Flickles at holding her, at last, against his body. The red light burned fiercely in Macquire's eyes, and his hand was clenched over an iron-tipped stick. He continued to rock against the door, and fell to laughing very quietly and unpleasantly.

"Oh! I know wot that means," said Flickles, in a dry, bitter whisper.

As he loosened his arms Jessie, with a little strangled shriek, darted back like a frightened hare.

"Not there!" cried Flickles, backing swiftly, keeping wary eyes on the cruel, murderous figure by the door.

He thought Jess meant to make the fatal escape into her

little bedroom ; but she had only darted to the furthest corner of the larger room. She stood, facing her father the room's length apart, shaking, pallid-lipped, and staring eyed.

"'Ow long 'fore 'e moves," thought Flickles ; and wondered how he could get his fingers on that stick before the blow should be struck.

"Well, she's got to be killed like a dog," said Macquire, moving his lips like one in a dream. "Killed like any dog so she can't disgrace my name any more."

Still rocking to and fro, he raised his stick. Flickles ran in under it, and Jessie gave another little scream. Nimble as the boy was, Macquire's powerful arm swung his weapon out of reach in time, and sent Flickles staggering up a corner with the other's blow.

"Oh ! don't you come between me and her, Flickles," he began in a thick, sing-song voice. "She's got to be killed, and I've got to do it. I'm her father, and she's a vile woman."

Giddy and sick with his fall, Flickles slipped round and twisted the half-wrenched off door handle. As a tiger leaping on its prey, Macquire, without warning, leapt forward to where Jessie stood, frozen into a stone statue. The iron point of his stick struck a large piece of plaster off the wall, but Jessie had bounded to the other side like some wild creature, utterly panic stricken. Her breath came and went in little hissing gasps ; and Macquire's was like the blast of a red-hot furnace. Sparks of fire seemed to shoot out of his senseless, furious eyes. There was a hunger for blood in them.

His black, crusted lips said the same thing. "Blood," he muttered, thickly. "It's blood I'll have, or——"

An oath of hideous blasphemy followed. There was a breathless pause and a dreadful silence.

"The door, Jessie," gasped Flickles, creeping warily up between the staring, white-faced girl, and the staring, drunken man. "Make for it—think of it when you run !"

Macquire felt along his stick and the red light burnt up steadily in his cunning, cruel eyes.

Flickles crept nearer.

All the rest of the world was very still, but the pit of hell seemed open under their feet, who saw and heard Macquire

"I'm on fire too," went on the senseless, savage voice. "That's through her, and I'll have her blood for it, and for the other thing. They called me a teetotal fool. I'll show 'em I can get drunk as well as any of 'em! But I'll have her blood first. Ah! you she-devil that was my daughter——"

"Oh—Oh, Jessie! run!"

The girl did not heed the second strangled cry of warning. She had not seen the blow coming in time to save herself; but Flickles saw it and had thrown her aside in time. Macquire swung the stick down in riotous waste of passionate brute strength, and Flickles's face received the full force of the blow. Thereby Jessie gained that second's time that saved her.

She had tried, as Flickles told her, to keep her mind fixed on the door. That also helped her, for her escape was blindly rushed; and she did not know how she had darted out, after Flickles had pushed her out of her corner and she saw the iron fall. It was all dark on the stairs, but she ran wildly, blindly down; her breath coming and going in little shrieking whistles; a hard, burning ball in her head and her side.

What she was to do she did not know the first moments, except it were to run on and on and never stop running. The red-hot balls grew larger and hotter, but she still ran on.

By-and-bye she found her shawl hanging over her shoulders, and arranged it straight, running a little less blindly. She had run up against so many people she began to be frightened lest she should be stopped and asked her business, and the meaning of her flight. Her flight? . . . Her breath came in sobs now. Finding herself near her aunt's home she began to cry, because she was safe at last.

And Flickles ?

That was a troublous thought ! It kept her wondering and troubled, even in her dreams, when she was running away from a shadow, black and gaunt, that said it was going to follow her all her life, and that had a cruel, red-tipped stick and a murderer's eyes.

In her waking moments Jessie tried to recall the last of that delirious scene in Carboy Street Buildings ; but memory would not respond.

When the door had clashed to after her a dark curtain had fallen upon her mind, blotting out what was left behind. It was not raised for a long time. But she remembered *she* had not had time or thought to close the handleless door behind her, and cut off her father from the chase.

When thought obliged her, at last, to think of that one, she shuddered, and put it far from her again.

But she need not have feared any more. Macquire was not thinking of her. He was sitting in a corner of his room and watching for the first streak of dawn to break in on the darkness. As it had been once before, he shivered and shook whilst waiting for the light ; and sometimes he felt along his fingers, sometimes he raised them to his nostrils, and always he stared furtively before him.

So the long night went on. Yet it was barely three o'clock when the first morning light gleamed in from the dingy court at the back.

Macquire stared hard before him. He was trying to make out the exact shape of the long, little form lying against the opposite wall, and there were so many wheels going round in his head he could not steady his eyes or his thoughts for the effort.

The air grew lighter, and he fell to trembling more violently than ever. He looked down at his boots, and saw what they were bathed in ; and his fingers, and what stained them. A

little, choking moan bubbled over his lips, and he rose, stumbling forward to see what it was that lay there, so still and straight. He could not bear to sit still and not know.

His breath broke off into a strangled scream. A long, red serpent had silently glided across the floor to his feet.

He fell to his knees over Flickles's dead body. By its side lay a twisted stick ; it was bathed in blood, and a few soft, fair hairs stuck to its iron-tipped end.

He turned "it" over, in stupid, vacant awe, and shrank back again, with another frightened, childish moan. There was no likeness to any human thing in the shattered face he upturned ; and the head fell heavily back from his nerveless fingers. He began to tremble afresh, remembering what he had done ; but why or how he had done it he could not bring memory to tell.

Yet he knew it was necessary to flee from that disordered, red-stained room and the silent, rigid, little figure on the floor. And very hastily he backed himself out and slipped downstairs into the morning twilight. There was no one about, and he sped swiftly along, keeping to the shadows. He was realising that he was a murderer and that there was no Flickles to see him safely through the difficulty.

"I'll give up the game," he muttered, a light breaking through the drink clouds on his brain. "*He'd* pull me through—he's done that many times !—but I've done for him now. Only I won't be taken," he thought, awakening to a dull, instinctive savagery of mood. "I was a gentleman once, and I won't be hung and be the talk of the dirty London mob."

There was a new determination fixed on his branded face as he shot hurried glances around. It kept its steadfast strength of purpose before the overwhelming difficulty of his wild, condemning appearance. Slipping off his tell-tale boots, he dragged his hat over his face and plunged his hands in his pockets. He ran the gauntlet, thus, of the keepers of law and order ; and gained the riverside.

Staring into the swirling waters, the trembling fit he had cast off as necessity spurred him into action overtook him more violently than before. But he was not thinking of the river, and of how its currents washed all life it received into one sodden, uniform death. He was thinking of Flickles's blood-bathed body lying in his room at Carboy Street.

There was no one within sight. With a strange, passionate gesture of despair, he dropped off the parapet, into the rushing river below.

"I didn't think it would ever come to—this," was his last, confused, troubled thought, as the waters bubbled over his head.

But Flickles's steady eyes, piercing the darkness, were what he last saw, before his own closed in death.

K. DOUGLAS KING.

Glimpses of Basqueland.

GOOD FRIDAY IN FUENTERRABIA.

CAN it be that we are in the end of the nineteenth century? And has to-day been a dream of three hundred years ago? Or did Fuenterrabia go to sleep when Philip II. was king? And did it drop out of the ranks as the world marched on—to drowse and dream under the shadowing mountains, and bask beneath the mighty Spanish sun? The ardent amber rays come down like shafts of fire into the narrow streets of the ancient place, and search as far as may be under the broad and quaintly fashioned timber cornices, which, with their delicate carving and traceries, project far from the roofs on either side, throwing warm-coloured black shadows beneath them, and stretching across towards each other in friendly desire to form an arcaded shelter for the passenger beneath.

Not that the dwellers there mind much. What matters it to those passive, stately, demure folk if the temperature be ninety degrees in the shade or not? The sun of centuries has burnt much of the energy out of them—generation after generation—and they take life, oh! so dreamily, and easily, and sleepily. Certainly they have been aroused, now and again, by the clash of arms and rumours of wars. Thunderous guns have rolled and echoed up their valleys and among their mountains. Our own Iron Duke—"Duro," as they called him—must have given them some shocks of surprise; and their French foes have left their *cachet* in the form of bullet-marks drilled on the walls of

the town. But Fuenterrabia has only opened its eyes like a sleepy child at some unwonted sound, and closed them again listlessly when the disturbing cause had passed by—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

The old town sits upon an eminence of its own in the midst of the winding valley of the Bivassoa, and very beautiful did it look to us as we were ferried across this forenoon from the French shore—steeped as it was in a bath of Spanish sunlight. Its grey church spire looked golden—so did the château walls—against their background of mountains piled one behind the other, whilst the rugged heights of Quatracone loomed in the blue distance. A few paces from the landing-stage, and we had reached the foot of the main street which climbs up the side of the hill and looks cool and shady because of its narrowness and its broad-eaved houses. Its ill-cobbled road is rough travelling. But again—what matter! Time is made for *slaves*, not for Fuenterrabians; and here there is no hurry, you can pick your steps at your ease.

Each house has its balcony—broken down and Oriental looking; and to-day the owners of the houses are willing, in a dignified and condescending manner, to let their balconies for a consideration to visitors, who, like ourselves, have come from a distance to assist at the great annual religious demonstration of the town, and to witness the curious old-world mediæval procession which winds its way through the steep and straitened streets every Good Friday afternoon.

But one would need to make a big act of faith before venturing on some of those balconies, so crumbling and mouldering, and yet so pictorial do they look. How many centuries of processions have they looked down upon? How many generations of mantilla'd señoritas have leaned over their balustrades (just as they are doing to-day), half hiding their pretty faces behind their fans, and bewitching the male Basque population below by timid glances from shy lustrous eyes? We bargained

a little, a proceeding which appeared unseemly in dealing with people of such courtly manners, for one particular balcony which commended itself to us, not for its beauty, but for its comparative modernity and probable safety, and then toiled up the picturesque old street to the crowning glory of the town—the church—which, with its fine proportions, its majestic situation its mellow tones of old age, and, above all, its characteristic tower—half Moorish, half Renaissance (quite peculiar to Spain)—is very beautiful.

The interior of the church was strikingly solemn because of its darkness. All the small round windows high up in the walls were shaded by crimson silk curtains, and the sombre red light showed the church half full of people. Most of the women were in the simple black dress and with the kerchiefed heads of the Basque peasantry: but there were mantillas too, and—alas! to have to add it—a sprinkling of Paris bonnets. The men were as numerous as the women—for the Basques are a pious race—and nearly all carried massive wax candles in anticipation of the procession. These were quatrefoil in form, and from their bulk must have been meant to serve a long lifetime of processions.

A sense of awe took possession of one at the sight of the great crucifix which was reared aloft in front of the High Altar—only an indication of the sorrowful Figure which was hanging on it being outlined under the black pall-like curtain which hung over it. Very silently the church continued to fill as the afternoon wore on, and before three o'clock the great nave was closely packed with sombrely clothed men and women—reverently and sedately kneeling in the half light before the uplifted cross.

As the clock struck three there was a sound of trumpets at the west end of the church—trumpets that began to play a mournful march very subduedly, and from the great west door there came a company of Roman soldiers who divided at the foot of the church, and slowly marched up either aisle in single

file, meeting again at the sanctuary, where they formed a circle round the foot of the cross, keeping guard as it were. At the same moment that a priest entered the pulpit the curtain was withdrawn from before the crucifix and revealed the dead Christ—very white in the midst of the gloom—hanging upon it. Had it not been so deathlike one might have said that it was terribly lifelike; so lifelike and so deathlike that for the moment it made one's heart stand still with awe, and one well-nigh looked for the drops of blood to ooze and fall. A ladder rested against the back of either one of the transverse beams of the cross, and a bier by which stood four Capuchins was placed at its foot.

Very forcibly did the preacher then tell the story of the "Taking down from the Cross"; and, as each sorrowful incident of the drama was described by him, his words were, as it were, taken up and illustrated by two surpliced priests who had been standing at the foot of the cross. They went up the ladders which leant against its arms from behind, and one of them gently lifted the coronal of thorns from the tortured brow and handed it down to one of the Capuchins. Then with a hammer the other priest struck the point of one of the nails at the back of the Cross, thus to loosen it, and reaching forward he drew it out from the front and released the imprisoned hand. Reverently and tenderly he allowed the dead arm to fall to the side. The other hand was detached in the same way, and so were the feet. The ring of the hammers as they struck the flesh-piercing nails, made one shudder and well-nigh cry out with pitying horror. So awesome was the reality of it all that it was with a sense of infinite relief that one saw the holy wounded body gently lowered by means of a white linen sling—which had till then been loosely hanging under the arms of the Crucified, and over those of the cross—and received by the Capuchins, who laid it on the bier which was awaiting it. Women were weeping around us, and men's faces looked full of awe and compassion.

Only when the vast multitude began to move towards the door did it fully come home to us that this was but a picture of the cruel reality nineteen centuries ago. Perforce we had to follow in the surging stream, and—once in the street—very thankfully did we take refuge in our balcony. Though a haunting apprehension forced itself upon us now and again, that we might be precipitated on the compact mass of heads beneath us, we risked it for the sake of seeing from a coign of vantage the quaint and curious scene in the streets. A living stream was still flowing forth from the great west doors of the church, and solid masses of Euskarien humanity were lining either side of the way. Men, stalwart and straight, grave and dignified; women, simple in dress and decorous in demeanour—they had come down in thousands from the surrounding villages to take part in this yearly Christian celebration. Never could a better opportunity offer itself for studying *le type Basquais*. My companion—an American lady—remarked that “the men might all be brothers.” Certain characteristics truly applied to nearly all of them. Though medium in height, they are so straight in the neck and back, and carry themselves in so dignified and masterful a manner, that one is impressed with the idea that the Basques are very tall. If breadth of shoulder means anything, they are physically powerful; and if breadth of forehead and strength of chin are to be accepted as indications of moral strength, these they possess in an eminent degree. Neither flippancy, nor vulgarity, nor loudness, was noticeable amid that sedate throng. They strove not, neither did they clamour. Hardly, indeed, were their voices to be heard in the streets.

And now the procession began to emerge from the church. Many hundreds of men, whose pride and honour it was to take part in it, came first, in double file. Then followed women, and tiny children in white, and priests and Religious. All except the little ones held the massive torchlike candles lighted. At intervals were carried curious old statues of Saints—St. Mary

Magdalene, St. Veronica, St. Anne, and Our Lady of Dolours. There were the emblems of the Passion too; and last of all came the bier, carried by six Capuchins, upon which lay, in sad and silent state, the dead Christ.

As the long procession moved slowly down the street and wound round the walls, and in and out in its route through the town, the effect was very curious, for the countless tapers all seemed to merge into one, or rather into two long lines of light, which slowly crawled like fiery snakes up and down the steep byways. The images, too, borrowed lustre and picturesqueness from the distance. Their age made them venerable; but, seen nigh at hand, one could not but admit that they were very tawdry and far from flattering likenesses of the Saints that they represented. But, after all, these things are purely subjective, and probably Basque and English ideals are very different in such matters.

I think the most prejudiced stranger present could hardly refuse to be edified by the reverent demeanour of the multitude. It was decorous and without reproach. Nevertheless, to judge from the lofty looks and half-suppressed sniffs of some excellent and true-born compatriots of mine who were present, they seemed to regard it from the heights of such a beautiful British superiority that it set one wondering whether this method of spending Good Friday or our own national observance of hot cross buns and (for the many) a somewhat rowdy holiday was the more seemly and likely to be pleasing to high Heaven. There are two ways of looking at most things, and in this case there is a good deal to be said on the Basque side of the question.

And to my ignorance another unsolved problem presents itself; if the ultimate end of advanced material civilisation be the greater well-being—moral and physical—of the masses, how is it that such a race as the Euskariens (and theirs is only one among many), which would be regarded by the more advanced nations of the world as far behind the age, compares so favourably

with any such in point of contentment, morality, happy domesticity (in Basqueland wives are not kicked to death, neither are societies needed for the prevention of cruelty to children), and a level distribution of the common necessities of life—for extreme penury and degradation of want, as we understand them, are unknown here. They are a provident people, but what makes them so? If the *salus populi* means their sensible happiness, freedom from gross crime, a widespread spirit of contentment, a fairly just mean in the possession of needful maintenance, an instinctive refinement and keen perception for things of beauty and truth—in other words, a healthy mind in a healthy body, then again, surely there is something to be said on the Basque side of the question.

SARA E. DUNN.

A Queen Uncrowned.

“Consider the lilies.”

WHERE household herbs, rue, parsley, thyme,
Crowd cottage plots—above them rais’d
In fragrant state and grace sublime—
Bides she whom the Divine lips prais’d.

Her robes is richer than the king’s
Of Indian byssus gold-enscor’d :
The purity that round her clings
Is more than royal, saith the Lord.

’ EASTWOOD KIDSON.

The Antecedents of Gothic.

I SUPPOSE that while we all recognise the fact that architecture is something more than constructive building, we equally maintain that it is always based upon constructive principles, and that these constructive principles are what primarily determines the respective characters of architectural styles. I conceive that in broadest classification there have existed in the world thus far but three fundamentally differentiated architectural systems—the trabeate, the inert arched, and the balanced ; or, to name them from their leading types, the Greek, the Roman, and the Gothic. The numberless varieties of styles which have taken shape during the historic progress of the art are but so many modified forms of one or the other of these main groups.

By Gothic architecture I understand then, primarily, an architecture which is distinguished by a balanced system of construction, a system in which the side-thrusts of vaults and arches are met by well-adjusted props or braces rather than by inert masonry. And it is clear that an architecture based on such a system admits of, and logically demands, a degree of slenderness in its supporting members which would be insecure in architecture based on any other system. It follows that among the distinguishing characteristics of Gothic construction are comparative lightness of supports and consequent large extent of openings between them. Therefore, before we can properly call a building Gothic, we must find these characteristics either developed or in process of development.

In the forming of the Gothic style the exigencies of the system were yet incompletely apprehended by the builders, and consequently the ultimate principles were not fully carried out. But in all transitional monuments, rightly so-called, the animating spirit of the system may be seen to be working, and tending to modify structural forms in the Gothic direction. The principal incipient forms are those of the vaulting, and it is not until these are considerably developed that the lower supports are wholly transformed and brought into agreement.

The principles which mainly governed the Gothic vault transformation are those of diminution and concentration of pressures. And it is, I think, because the exigencies of this last have not been fully recognised that so much misunderstanding of Gothic art prevailed. Our conceptions of Gothic have been so largely influenced by the belief that it is mainly characterised by the use of the pointed arch, that this more essential principle has been largely overlooked.

It was this necessity for concentration of thrusts that first led to the use of groin-ribs (for the groins of ordinary cross-vaults do not need supports where their thrusts are amply met by strength of walls or of massive piers), and it was this necessity which gave to Gothic vaulting that peculiar form which has puzzled so many students of architecture, who have not primarily regarded structural principles in their examinations and classifications of styles. I refer to that twisted conformation of the lateral cells of the vault which results from the stilting of the longitudinal rib. It is by means of this elevation of the springing of the end ribs of these lateral cells that the completest possible concentration of the vault-thrusts against the narrow pier is effected, and the full efficiency of the flying buttress is secured. Now I think I am justified in saying that this is the most fundamental peculiarity of Gothic building, for everything else that distinguishes the system results from it. This balanced system being, then, what fundamentally dis-

tinguishes the Gothic style, let us now consider what were its antecedents, what class of earlier buildings really contained the germs of Gothic. It is commonly said that the Gothic was developed out of the Romanesque, though this development has been largely regarded as ornamental. The transition has been traced by nearly all writers, from De Caumont to Sharpe, through mouldings, pointed arches, and other small features, while but a few writers—I believe only Viollet-le-Duc and Quicherat—have recognised that it is essentially structural.

It is true that structurally the Gothic is an evolution out of the Romanesque. But the term "Romanesque" has, perhaps, the widest meaning of any that is used in connexion with architecture. In utmost strictness the Romanesque is not a style. It is an architecture of transition. Quicherat defines it as that which has ceased to be Roman and has not yet become Gothic. With slight modification this is a good definition. The modification that I should make would be to insert the word strictly before Roman, so that the definition would be: "Romanesque architecture is that which has ceased to be strictly Roman and has not yet become Gothic." For the Romanesque is structurally Roman except in so far as it exhibits features that are tending towards Gothic. To comprehensively designate this transitional architecture, the term "Romanesque" is a good one for which it would be hard to find a substitute. But in connexion with the origin of Gothic we need to discriminate. For when we look for the structural antecedents of Gothic we find that some great classes of Romanesque buildings exhibit them so slightly and imperfectly that they can hardly be regarded as antecedents at all.

In general, what is known as basilical Romanesque, buildings like the Cathedral of Pisa, had almost nothing to do with the structural evolution of the Gothic style. In its most general form the basilica does, of course, foreshadow the Gothic, and, as regards this general form, it may be considered as a prototype. But

in its constructive system the basilica contained almost no element of growth. Its timber roof called for no system of supports such as could in any way suggest the organic Gothic system. It may, indeed, be said that some of the antecedents of Gothic reach back to those few Christian Roman monuments in some parts of which a rudimentary functional grouping of supports occurs. The first and most important instance of such a grouping that I know of is that which appears in the so-called basilica of Maxentius in the Roman Forum. This building dates from the beginning of the fourth century, and it followed closely after the well-known arcade of the court of the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato. As that is the first known instance of the logical use of the arch in connexion with the columns, so, I believe, this basilica of Maxentius exhibits the first instance of a groined vault springing from columns placed in front of the piers, unless the great hall of the Baths of Caracalla may have exhibited a similar arrangement at a preceding date. It will be remembered that this system presents a pier carrying the main archivolts with a detached column, surmounted by a strip of entablature, to carry the vaulting; something remotely foreshadowing the Mediæval grouped support is thus to be noted as far back as this.

But nothing appears to have grown out of this monument in the way of the development of an organic system of supports for vaulting. It was constructed towards the end of what may be called the period of Imperial Roman art, and the Christian Roman builders, as is well known, employed the timber-roofed basilica with the simplest forms of superposed colonnades and arcades, having no organic connexion with each other; in no feature, except, perhaps, the pier of the Eastern arch—which sometimes has a column in front of it—suggesting anything in the least like the Gothic forms.

The coupling of shafts, as in some of the Roman circular buildings, like Sta. Constanza at Rome, has far less to do

with the development of Gothic, for such grouping has no structural significance. Its columns have no relation respectively to different parts of the superstructure. In the Roman buildings of Central Syria an arrangement similar to that of the basilica of Maxentius occasionally occurs, though not in connexion with vaulting. In the church of Roueiha, dating from the sixth century, engaged piers, carrying transverse arches, are incorporated with the piers of the great arcade, and the same thing occurs in the piers of the apse of the church of Tourmain; but the principle is not developed into a system, and it is always confined, as it is also in the basilica of Maxentius, to a single storey. A very remote suggestion of a functional grouping of piers, extending over two storeys of arcading, occurs in the supports of the central dome of the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. And it is not impossible that something like this, which is not uncommon in Byzantine design, may have given the initiative to the early Mediæval builders. The first true instances of grouped supports designed to carry vaulting and embracing several storeys occur in the eleventh-century churches of Northern Italy, in the style known as the Lombard Romanesque. In this region the vigorous genius of the Lombard race had stimulated invention and developed constructive ideas and methods which largely superseded those of former times.

The Lombard constructive system, as exhibited in its most important monument—St. Michele of Pavia—was a radical innovation. The vaulting of the nave of this building was originally quadripartite in square compartments, like that of the basilica of Maxentius. It was furnished with heavy transverse ribs of two orders, both of square section, and it presented the first known instance of the use of groin ribs and longitudinal ribs. The sustaining pier is compounded of as many members, which rise from the pavement, and are crowned with a compound capital that furnishes a separate member for each vaulting rib. The vault compartments of the aisles have

but half the space of those of the nave, which necessitates the insertion of an intermediate pier. This pier has four engaged shafts, two of which carry the sub-orders of the archivolts (which are in two orders), one to carry the intermediate transverse rib of the aisle vault, and one on the side of the nave which rises to the triforium-string but carries nothing, and is the only member in the system which is not perfectly logical. The double archivolts of the main arcade are supported by square members and engaged shafts in both main and intermediate piers. The church has also a triforium gallery, with double archivolts and functional supports. The building shows a most remarkable advance on anything that we know of that had gone before it. Indeed, the Gothic system is here very fully foreshadowed, though radical changes had to take place in the forms of the vaulting before it could be further developed.

This Lombard system was carried over the Alps into Germany, and there, in the twelfth century, crystallised, so to speak, into the magnificent Rhenish Romanesque, which, by maintaining the square vaulting compartment, precluded any structural growth. It was the Lombard Romanesque, then, and its derivatives which contained the first distinct germs of the Gothic style. But these germs could not develop without congenial soil. The soil of Northern Italy was not congenial. Here by the twelfth century inventive vigour was spent. The Lombard element had been absorbed, and the Italian genius began to reassert itself with all of its conservative tendencies. The Italian constructive traditions were fundamentally Roman, and hence the basilical idea was, in church building, largely reinstated, though some of the Lombard principles were, in some localities, often incorporated with it, though without any inventive results. The soil of Germany proved equally uncongenial. The German builders were slow in invention and almost as conservative as the Italians of acquirements that suited their needs

and tastes. But France was, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the region of the most active intellectual life that then existed anywhere in Europe. And it was the Romanesque of France, and of France only, that directly gave rise to the wonderful development known as Gothic architecture.

But the Romanesque in France assumed a variety of forms not all of which were found with the germs of Gothic. The French Romanesque is broadly of two classes, which occupy respectively the two principal geographical divisions of the country—the northern and southern. The Romanesque of Southern France is mainly characterised by the use of the barrel vault of either round or pointed section—a form which did not suggest, and was not capable of, any further development. This form of vault was but a survival of the Imperial Roman system, in a region which had maintained longer than any other the ancient civilisation and traditions.

Buildings like St. Trophine, St. Gilles, and Vésone, though magnificent in their way, were, as regards their vaulting, but a final effervescence of an obsolete system. And although their builders adopted the Lombard grouped pier, variously modified, yet functionally adjusted to the arches and ribs with which their vaults were strengthened, they had not used these borrowed forms inventively; and in this class of monuments could, therefore, contribute nothing towards the development of a new art. Hence no new art arose in this region, or in any other, as a result of their influence.

But in the North of France—where ancient monuments had been fewer, ancient traditions less authoritative, and where the fusion of races had been more complete and better balanced—imagination had been highly stimulated, and new constructive forms that were quick with potent energy began early to appear. The use of vaulting did not set in here as early as in the South. The Northern Romanesque builders of the eleventh century usually covered their naves with timber roofs. But

when repeated disasters from fire had demonstrated the necessity of resort to vaulting, the fecund groined form was invariably adopted, which over the rectangular compartments that had prevailed in this region, led, in the hands of these energetic and ingenious people, to a series of experimental innovations which followed each other in rapid succession until the Gothic system was reached. There were here several centres of Romanesque inventive activity, each of which seems to have contributed something to the development of the chief school which soon became that of the Ile-de-France. These were mainly Burgundy on the one side and Normandy on the other. The Burgundian Romanesque is fully exemplified in the nave of the Abbey church of Vézelay (twelfth century). It exhibits a modified application of the Lombard system to a building of narrow bays, giving rectangular instead of square vaulting compartments. This form is generally regarded as derived from the basilical type of buildings, but it seems to me that the intermediate pier of the Lombard type may naturally have suggested it.

However that may be, the piers are all alike, and are composed of members having a perfectly functional adjustment to the vaults and arches. Though showing an advance on the vaults of St. Michele in being constructed over oblong compartments, these vaults of Vézelay are less advanced as regards their rib systems, for they are not provided with diagonal ribs. And it is interesting to note that the pier is correspondingly simplified, the member which, in St. Michele, carries the diagonal rib being omitted. But the system is perfectly logical as far as it goes. The vaults have heavy transverse ribs, and wall ribs, the former being of two orders. The first order is carried by a broad pilaster starting from the pavement, while the sub-order rests on an engaged shaft, also rising from the pavement. The wall ribs are supported by short pilasters resting on the triforium ledge. The double archivolts of the

lower arcade are sustained, as in St. Michele, on square members and engaged shafts. The triforium space is low, and without openings—a simplification of the Lombard type that is common in the Rhenish as well as in the Burgundian Romanesque churches. This building, though constructed essentially on the Romanesque inert principles, nevertheless contains internally, as we see in rudimentary form, nearly all the constructive features of a Gothic edifice.

Some recent writers have supposed that the Cistercian Order of Monks were instrumental in developing and extending the early Gothic system. The learned German writer, Dehio, has lately published an essay on the "Beginnings of Gothic," in which he takes the Cistercian churches of Pontigny, in Burgundy, and Fossanora, in Italy, as types of transitional building and as important monuments illustrating early Gothic developments. But neither of these buildings show the initial principles of the new style. And if they did it would not show that Cistercian influence had much to do with the formation of Gothic; for these, as regards their Gothic features, are exceptional buildings, though in essential constructive principle they belong strictly to the Burgundian Romanesque category. The Cistercians had no consistent modes of building. They adopted different forms according to circumstances; in some cases, as at Hautrive, employing the barrel-vault, in others, as at Pontigny, imitating the features that had been developed in the Ile-de-France.

The typical Romanesque of Normandy is earlier than that of Burgundy, the existing Church of St. Stephen, at Caen, dating its foundations from the year 1066. It is a more direct copy, though much modified and simplified, of St. Michele, of Pavia. Whether this building was originally designed for vaulting is not known. But it is certain that it was first completed with a timber roof. Its main piers are, however, compounded of members corresponding to those of the Lombard

pier, and they are well adjusted to the vaulting with which the timber roof was replaced early in the twelfth century. This vaulting is of a form that had not before, so far as is known, been constructed. It is primarily a modification of the square-groined vault resulting from the insertion of an intermediate transverse rib which subdivides the lateral cells, making the compartment sexpartite. Instead of converting the Lombard intermediate pier of the ground storey into a complete pier precisely like the main piers, thus producing narrow or rectangular vault compartments as at Vézelay, the builders of Caen merely prolonged the intermediate vaulting shaft to support the intermediate rib. In all other respects the system conforms to that of St. Michele, except in its proportions, which are much elongated in the manner that subsequently prevailed in the North.

The sexpartite vault system, which apparently originated at Caen, was immediately taken up and perfected by the early Gothic builders of the Ile-de-France; but it is not true, as is often affirmed, that it was exclusively used in early Gothic buildings. The vaults of Caen have a full system of ribs with exception of wall ribs. As yet the Romanesque developments tending toward Gothic were mainly confined to the interior of the structure. But a first step in the direction of a corresponding external system was taken when pilaster strips began to assume the form of projecting buttresses, and the germ of the true flying buttress appears, I believe, for the first time in the arches that are thrown against the piers under the roof of the aisles on the sister church to St. Stephen, the Abbaye aux Dames at Caen. The Romanesque of the Ile-de-France was almost all destroyed in the twelfth century by the active rebuilding in the new style which then prevailed. A few monuments of moderate dimensions remain, however, from which a general idea of it is obtained—Morienvall and St. Germain des Près. The square compartment was generally abandoned and

the rectangular form substituted. This was, I think, a circumstance of capital importance, giving rise, as it did, to difficulties in vaulting which quickened the inventive genius of the builders.

The Abbey church of Morienvall is the most important existing monument as regards the direct antecedents of the Gothic style. It is a plain Romanesque building dating from the eleventh century, with a reconstructed apse dating apparently from the end of that century. Here we get, on a very small scale, a rudimentary apsidal aisle of four compartments, in whose vaults the groin rib occurs in connexion with some very curious experiments in the use of the pointed arch. It is, I believe, the earliest monument in existence in which these two features are associated, and it was apparently the starting-point of that series of experiments which led to the remarkable vaulting of the apse of St. Denis, and thence through a most magnificent series of constructive innovations to that most consummate product of human genius—the Cathedral of Amiens.

C. H. MOORE.

Confession : a Tale of Conscience.

BELL'S walks were never taken without a definite intention ; and just now her forward diary pointed to a round of the home enclosures that she frequently made in her father's stead. Its object was critical ; but the order maintained at Rayner's Hill gave her little need for alienating herself from the conversation. The habit of her life was perceptive, and she was not long in becoming aware of some subtle change in the manner of her companions. The situation demanded consideration. Her first impression was a half-cynical pleasure at Eva's appreciation of Philibert over Edgar, whose personal attractions Bell had been accustomed to observe were irresistible. She had grown to anticipate seeing women yield to the young soldier's charm ; while, with regard to Philibert, though his name had now and again been coupled with that of some neighbour or guest whose dance-step or general tastes coincided, in the view of country gossips, with his own, she had never yet had seriously to face the contingency of his falling in love. Now, if she knew him, no phrase of Eva's was indifferent to his ear, the very tone of his voice betrayed it ; and if that should have misled her, a glance she intercepted later would have been sufficient to show her she was not imagining a sentiment that did not exist.

She had left them standing at the door of one of the lodges, and as she came out she heard Philibert regretting, in hurried tones, Eva's approaching departure. A lingering and wistful look accompanied the words, and when Philibert withdrew his eyes from his companion's face, a slight increase of colour that

rose in his cheek, as he became aware of Bell's presence, might have amused a less interested spectator.

Bell, however, whose sense of humour was never strong, was inclined to think that Philibert in love represented a serious rather than an amusing position; there was an obstinacy about him that was likely to withdraw him from the category of ordinary affairs of the heart, and although it was undoubtedly in her father's power to enable him to marry, Philibert was in so much the worst pecuniary position of the Rayner brothers as to make ways and means an important subject of consideration. Bell was under the impression that Eva had the prospect of some fortune; but the fact was likely to make her own people more critical with regard to that of any pretender to her hand, and Bell felt, in a measure, glad that Eva's visit was to terminate on the morrow, and that any responsibility in such a matter would then revert to those who were more efficient to deal with it than herself. There was another consideration that most sisters would have regarded as important, but that Bell glanced at in her mind with a rapidity allied to carelessness. Eva, like her mother, was a Catholic.

Edgar met them as they returned, strolling in the dusk along the way by which he expected them to come, and dropped into the place by Eva's side in apparent unconsciousness that Philibert had occupied it the moment before, and had only stepped out of it to cut off a trailing briar that had caught her dress as she passed. He looked so curiously, unchallengeably handsome, that Eva found herself wondering at her own indifference to a charm that was complemented by words and manner. She caught no sound of Philibert's voice as he followed along the woodland path with Bell, but a persistent silence was the only sign he gave throughout the remainder of the walk, and during the evening that followed, of any change from the softer mood he had indulged earlier in the day.

At breakfast on the following morning Philibert's manner was

different. Bell fancied he had not slept, for his eyes looked blue and misty, but did not risk annoying him by commiseration. Eva noticed a hoarser tone in his voice, was struck by the shortness of his replies when addressed, and wondered, half frightened and half exultant, whether the inconsistency between his words and the attention he paid to her wants was the effect of her own influence upon him. The time, however, was short for a resolution of her doubt; for Bell, though an early riser, presided over a late breakfast, and Eva went to prepare for her journey immediately at its close.

The brougham came up to the door behind the dog-cart that had brought Mr. Rayner's man of business from the station, so that at the last moment Eva found herself alone with the brothers. She took Philibert's arm to the carriage, talking fast to conceal her nervousness, while Philibert made an incoherent allusion to a ball on the other side of the county where he might hope to meet her again. To Eva the suggestion seemed to give an object for life, for her discovery of Philibert's love was too recent for her to fail in feeling that she was leaving all possible happiness behind her with his presence; but she acted her part well, and sprang into the brougham with a "good luck" to Edgar, who stood behind, and a smile that he adopted without question as his own.

The carriage swept round the grass-plot, but was pulled up at the end opposite the house, for the readjustment of a badly-balanced trunk, and Eva leaned forward for a last look at the Hill. Edgar was settling himself into the dog-cart that was to take the young men on to the Rides, but Philibert, alive to the delay, was springing across the lawn with the excuse of a reprimand to the footman as colour for a second good-bye. The window was down, and he put his hand inside with a commonplace apology that Eva did not even hear, as she let him take her hand and hold it, looking into her eyes with the irresistible eloquence of his own. Then he drew back, and the carriage drove on. Philibert strode back to his brother.

"Sorry, Edgar," he said shortly; "but we are not five minutes behind time, and Farrell is not given to punctuality." He sprang into the cart as he spoke.

"It doesn't much matter, as it happens," returned Edgar deliberately, as he drew the rug comfortably round his knees and threw away a match. "Brace has just sent over to say he can't come; and as Farrell was trusting to him for a lift, we shall have it to ourselves."

Philibert, who had shaken down into his seat, drew a punishing stroke along the horse's shoulder, and turned furiously to his brother.

"When did you hear that?" he asked savagely.

"A quarter of an hour ago—ten minutes, perhaps—when you were in the midst of tender adieux," replied Edgar. "By jove, you're putting the mare along, Phil!"

Philibert choked down his rage. The turning to Standragon had hidden the brougham from sight before they left the gates, and the Rides lay in an opposite direction. He was too angry to trust himself to speak again, and with difficulty checked an insane desire to pitch himself and Edgar out of the cart by a charge into the open ditch they were skirting. It was not a ten minutes' drive to the wood-corner at the pace at which they were going, but into it Philibert compressed a volume of passion that the hours of a Budget Debate would have been too short to express in words. He took his gun from the cart and settled his cartridge belt without a word, leaving Edgar to dismiss the groom and give directions to the keeper without a suggestion on his part. He was only conscious of his brother's decision to leave the Rides for a later day, and barely troubled himself to listen to his orders to Carter about the beaters; and Edgar, in Philibert's present mood, did not think it wise to appeal to him. Carter touched his hat, shouldered his gun, and moved off to his subordinates, and the two brothers strode through the gate into the wood in silence.

III.

THREE hours later they were sitting at luncheon in a shady corner of the covert. Bell had sent it on, and the servant who had brought it was attending to Edgar's wants with the assiduity that they demanded. Philibert ate little and drank less. He was a temperate man, and to-day felt too little confidence in his powers of self-control to tempt his tongue by indulgence, and, with a secret contempt for Edgar's epicureanism, he was trying to keep up the desultory conversation that both felt to be desirable.

Not a word had passed between the brothers up to the moment of their sitting down. Philibert had been shooting brilliantly, and Edgar hardly up to his usual average; but it had been easy to avoid close association as they worked up the narrow plantation called Little Holt, widening, as it did, slightly towards the higher end, where it threw off a spur connecting it with the extensive covert of the Bellevue.

The inequality of their fortunes may have tended to satisfy Edgar. He lingered over his luncheon while Philibert puffed rapidly at a pipe he had twice filled since finishing his share. A few remarks had been made about the morning's sport, but Edgar's keenness seemed to have lost its edge, and when Carter reappeared with a suggestion about the further beat, he rejected it.

"I vote we chuck, Phil," he said, "as we have done so well, and stroll home across the edge of the Bellevue and pick up a stray shot if we fancy it. I've had enough of it if you have and we can't afford to kill everything, even in the Holt. No, Carter, we shan't want you any more: as for me, I shall be glad to get home and change; this warm, muggy weather makes me feel beat."

Carter was disappointed. He turned to Philibert, who was his

favourite of the pair, as he was of all his father's servants, and began a remonstrance. Philibert checked it.

"It's the Captain's day, Carter," he said; "I only came out to make up his party, and I've had enough, if he has. I shall be down at your place early to-morrow morning. Shall we be going, Edgar?"

"I'm ready; shall you give up your gun?" answered his brother.

"Not if we go home by the corner, with the chance of a hare in the turnips."

"Well, if you choose to carry it home," said Edgar, lounging to his feet. He took his gun from Carter, while Philibert unfastened the belt he had not removed, and putting two or three cartridges loose into his pocket, handed it over to be sent back to the house.

Carter watched them swing slowly out of sight before he gave vent to his annoyance over the caprices of his betters to the young groom who had driven the luncheon-cart. Tim was inclined to localise the blame; he was a partisan of Philibert's, whose special servant he was, to his own obvious advantage.

"'E's all right, Phil is," he said with backstairs discrimination, and a free and easy nod in the direction of his master. "It's the Cap'en as chucks, and as all gives in to, from morning till night; blowed if I'd stand it if I was his brother, nor his guv'nor neither."

Tim tightened the straps of the luncheon-basket forcibly. "It's his beauty as does it, they say; which I can't see, nor many more of us," he added, the stable-yard standard of beauty leaning to more substance than that shown by the alert lightweight under criticism.

Carter, who had to be about his business, summed up with one of the platitudes that rarely fail his class. "Handsome is as handsome does," he returned, "and if the Captain has treated me handsome this day I'm no more head-keeper than that oaf

Joe Dent is " : a deduction that had the happy effect of pointing out a direction to which he could transfer his irritation, and he moved away to give Joe Dent a fragment of his professional mind.

Tim's justification of Philibert would hardly have been made good to the eye of an observer looking on at the moment. Edgar, who had been very slightly disturbed by the previous jar, and who had been brought into no close association with his brother during the morning's beat, inspirited by his luncheon, and with his mind running its accustomed course towards some scheme of personal gratification, had no quarrel with the world, and found it as easy to be pleasant towards Philibert as he had when they had met at luncheon, a meal during which Philibert's amiability had been superficial. He strode along whistling softly to himself, and looking up at the sunbeams as they filtered through the lingering leaves above him.

"Old Barter has got a jolly day for his wedding," he observed idly.

Philibert looked up with a slight show of interest. "Is this the day?" he asked; "one wonders what he is marrying on."

"Expectations," answered Edgar. "Just what you or I would be marrying on if we had got to the point with—with any pretty girl," ended Edgar lightly, with a side glance at Philibert's clouded face that was not devoid of malice.

Philibert caught the look and his face flushed. "What your expectations are," he said angrily, "you perhaps know; speak for yourself. You're the sort of man who contrives to get your expectations realised. I hav'n't your luck."

"What do you mean?" asked Edgar placidly. "If you refer to my aunt's legacy, you might have had it as easily as I, if you had taken the trouble to be civil to the old lady."

"Do you suppose I should stoop to that sort of thing?" retorted Philibert.

"Oh, well, if you are too proud, or too vain, or too Heaven

knows-what, to stoop to pick up what is at your feet, don't complain if another man does. I'm very grateful for Aunt Lou's seven thousand, I know, if it is only to help out the sum the governor is pleased to call an adequate allowance."

"And mean to marry on it, it and the expectations?" sneered Philibert. He was not the first man whom Edgar's cool self-confidence had irritated, though he was to be the last.

"I didn't speak of marrying myself, did I?" asked Edgar, while he let a smile hover for a moment on his handsome mouth. "What has made you so strong on marrying at this particular moment, for yourself and others? It's a new idea for you, and a rash one considering you have no expectations."

Some evil influence seemed to keep Edgar to a subject pre-eminently irritating to Philibert that afternoon, and to guide him to treat it in the manner he could least easily bear. He allowed his tone to attain perfection in the expression of contemptuous banter, and his commonplace words cut Philibert's self-love like a knife. His words, too, were in harmony with his face. Philibert may have misunderstood that; but every look seemed to him to assume by implication a victory, that, if it were won, must be won at the cost of his own overwhelming loss, the loss of a hope that he had only recognised as such the previous evening; but that was the stronger for its immaturity. He did not trust himself to answer Edgar's gratuitous taunt.

Edgar, however, was in no mood to be silent. High spirits with him were wont to include an element of cruelty, and he was, despite the fatigue he had pleaded, in the full flush of vigorous life. It amused him to see that his random shaft had told. Supremely contemptuous of Philibert's chance with any woman by the side of his own, and pleased to indulge his vanity as he had been by the assertion of his power over an attractive companion, it had added zest to what might otherwise have been only a passing flirtation, to find Philibert's defeat involved in his own success. The trifling incidents of the last few hours

had shown him plainly that his brother's feeling for Miss Shaw had passed the limits of mere fancy, and from the moment he had seen it Edgar's own interest in what until then had been a pastime, changed to a definite intention. Without the slightest doubts as to the result of a rivalry if he chose to let it come to that, a point he had scarcely determined, he meanwhile found a piquant pleasure in forestalling his triumph by a moral victory. Ever since they were boys he had pitted hidden scorn against Philibert's open anger, and the game played more seriously now that they were men, was always productive of amusement. Edgar was guiltless of vicious design, but the trick of diverting himself with edged tools had grown to be a habit of his idle moods, and was strong upon him at the moment.

"Philandering does sometimes lead towards marriage," he observed, after giving Philibert time to reply, and speaking in a tone of reflective consideration.

"What do you mean by philandering?" asked Philibert, facing suddenly round upon him, "and what do you refer to?"

"Making love with the prospect of burning your fingers," answered Edgar; "I referred to nothing in particular."

"You did!" Philibert said savagely.

"Did I? Oh, well, perhaps—in the way of warning. Except when there is a fortune in the case, I might think it wiser, for you for instance, to keep out of range, unless circumstances alter very considerably—"

Edgar stopped suddenly, swung his gun up to his shoulder, and fired. They had come to the edge of the plantation, where it skirted a turnip-field that lay between it and the Rides. As he was speaking a hare had started suddenly at an attractive distance for a snap-shot, and he knocked him over in place of finishing the sentence.

"I wish we'd brought Doll on," he said, instead, as he walked on; "it's too hot to do one's own retrieving."

Philibert followed him slowly, looking on from a distance while

he picked up the hare and dropped it again. He was turning towards the Rides when Edgar called out to him to stop.

"After all," he said, "I can't be bothered to carry him."

"Why did you shoot him then?" asked Philibert; "I suppose you know if there is a thing my father bars, it is useless destruction of game."

"Carry it yourself, if you're so precise," answered Edgar.

"I'll see you a good deal further before I do," returned his brother, and added: "Dent's cottage is not a quarter of a-mile off."

"Dent may come for it, then," said Edgar, and moved away as Philibert came up to him.

Philibert looked down at the hare, and springing forward gave its head a sharp kick with his iron-shod heel. "Mangled, as usual, I see," he said as he satisfied himself life was extinct. "Poor brute!"

"Nonsense!" Edgar returned in the same irritation, "he was killed clean."

"Was he?" retorted Philibert, "then it was an uncommon lucky shot for you to make—very."

Edgar turned round again, this time angrily.

"Look here, Phil," he said, "I won't stand that; you've been in an infernal temper all day, and I've put up with it until now, but if you come to abuse take your own way home—I'll take mine."

"Pick up your game, then," Philibert answered with a short laugh. "It's dead now I believe."

There was a faint accent on the adverb. Edgar's eyes flashed. A man's vanity is notoriously most vulnerable over some qualification in which he does not excel, while it is his ambition to do so; and Edgar, an indifferent shot in a shooting family, would have given his established reputation as horseman, billiard-player, or troop-officer for the single credit of superiority behind a gunlock. It was the one accomplishment he had

worked at, and the one distinction a liberal fortune had denied him.

Philibert, to do him justice, had intended no malice in the charge of unskillfulness; he was angry, and gave vent to the words that came to his lips as he noticed the quivering anguish of the wounded creature. In a softer mood he would have restrained it according to the family habit of suppressing charges unflattering to Edgar's self-love. Unfortunately, it contained an element of truth, and Edgar was at last roused to open anger. He took up the dead hare and swung it round and away from him, across an open ditch that divided the field from the thick covert of the Bellevue.

"Damn the hare!" he said in a voice of concentrated passion, "and damn you for a sentimental fool. Perhaps your wife, if you succeed in getting one, with your infernal temper, will sit down and groan with you over imaginary sufferings; till then——"

He strode off, without finishing his sentence, towards an opening in the wood, where a footpath came down from its edge to the bank of the streamlet. Philibert followed him impetuously.

"Say that again, will you be so good," he called, in a tone as angry and far less under control than Edgar's.

Edgar sprang lightly over the ditch, and then turned round, balancing himself on its bank before scrambling over the low hedge that guarded it on its further side.

"By all means," he called out, in his old cool tone, and with his old satire. He was annoyed with himself for the anger he had shown, and though his voice was raised, he spoke with even more than his earlier deliberation. "I mean you are too good for such brutal sport as this. Practice with a bow and arrow would be more in the line of your humanity, and could be enjoyed in the company of ladies."

He paused for a second longer to see the effect of his words

on the stormy face before him, but he was not prepared for the hatred it expressed.

"When I shoot I kill!" Philibert answered, with dull fury.

His words evoked a vibration from the opposite trees, and before it had ceased the sound of a shot rang through the heavy autumn air, and rolled sullenly away along the line of their trunks.

IV.

THREE weeks passed heavily away, their lagging flight weighted alike with a deathlike stillness at Rayner's Hill, and with the numbed distraction attending Eva Shaw through a round of unceasing engagements. The effect of a catastrophe cannot be gauged by conditions of locality; in the extension of its influence it resembles the fall of a stone into water, where a leaflet on the furthest edge of the pool may be as effectually submerged as a frond floating close to the vortex of disturbance. The shock that stunned Bell's energy turned the current of Eva's life, and left on both an impression of physical darkness brooding over a long stretch of time.

Bell, his sister, sitting in her own rooms apart from the jar of a dislocated household, was hardly more affected by Edgar's death than Eva, his companion of a week. To Bell, indeed, closing her doors against inquiry or the proffered sympathy of friends, the suffering might be less literally acute than to Eva moving continually along the routine of days that were only regular in their irregularity. Mrs. Shaw, a leader of society in a fashionable watering-place, was popular, influential, and gregarious. The well-dowered daughter of a legal peer, she had married the cadet of an old country family, a field officer of Guards, who retired from the service on his wife's succession to her fortune, and settled in his own county a far richer man than his acre-burthened elder brother. Eva grew up in Sel-sington in the ceaseless whirl her mother loved, and which she

had glorified into duty since her daughter's introduction into society. With wealth, youth, and good looks, it would have been unnatural if Eva had not entered upon the life with pleasure ; but her thoughtful temperament and somewhat indolent disposition induced, as time went on, a sense of fatigue that had rendered the rest of Rayner's Hill one of its strongest attractions. Bell's definite position, with its regular duties, both fewer and more important than her own, its fixed hours of sociability and its intervals of even work, seemed like repose to a mind jaded by a year-long round of devotion to the demands of a feverish society that sometimes changed its air but never its intention.

Just now the unsatisfied craving for time to think over, or even only to hear at length, the authentic facts concerning Edgar Rayner's death, was its hardest feature. Bell's trial of having details forced upon her, and the attendant contemplation of their terrors, was hardly sharper than Eva's strained desire to know—to know how he had died, and where ; how Philibert had acted and felt, moved, thought, and spoken through it all.

For a long time she only learned the bare fact, made public by the newspaper paragraphs, itself a bare reproduction of a telegram despatched on the night of the accident to anticipate report. It contained the statement that Captain Rayner had been shooting in company with a brother, and that early in the afternoon, while getting over a hedge, his gun had gone off, and the charge lodging in his neck and head, had caused immediate death. After that Eva lived for a time in a dull nervelessness that made every action mechanical, and the apprehension of ordinary remarks an effort, as if spoken to deafened ears. She had further a sense of distorted recollection. Death alters the focus of a picture, and the artistic completeness of the figures occupying the foreground of Rayner's Hill had never seemed so evident as when the group was broken. Eva had not realised the complementary character of Edgar's personality as wrought

in with his surroundings, with Philibert's larger, stormier individuality, and Bell's stately decisiveness, till she became suddenly aware that the remaining figures, including genial Mr. Rayner, could no longer complete the picture that had been so well composed with Edgar as its centre. She saw vividly, as in a flash of the storm that was sweeping over Rayner's Hill, that his had been the ruling spirit, the crown of the family intention, that Edgar's taste and Edgar's will had practically regulated the conduct of a household to which he came as a guest. Apart from this was the sense of his loss to a dull-coloured world ; Eva found herself craving to look again on the clear lines and delicate moulding of features that the work of a moment had withdrawn from a world where unchallenged beauty is so rare. She felt, too, a burning desire to go to Bell in her trouble, to be one of the stricken circle ; and her heartache was the sorer that she knew herself to be as far apart from it in its sorrow as if the boundless rollers of an ocean heaved between.

Outside the circle the matter was a nine days' interest. There were remarks upon it in country houses, regrets at mess-tables, comments in clubs, perhaps a heartache or two smothered beneath the anxieties of the autumn matrimonial campaign ; and then, to all but the lives it was to change, the tragedy became a recollection, rather an interesting one, as involving a record of rarely stirred feeling.

Eva, out of reach of local papers, knew nothing more than the result of the inquest, given in half-a-dozen lines of the *Morning Post*, where the words, "Death by misadventure," stood in sad contrast to the stereotyped phrase of "popular and promising young officer" ; and she dined, danced, and drove through the best weeks of the Selsington season with a strange sense of unreality, and ever, by day and night, an intangible feeling of Philibert's presence.

Bell wrote at the end of three weeks, and the contents of

her letter took Eva by surprise. Strong Bell, who had never asked advice nor needed co-operation ; who had ruled with steady energy and turned the inclinations of others without apparent effort to her own will ; who, moreover, had never posed towards Eva in any other light than that of a congenial hostess, wrote such passages as the following in a letter that Eva read in the short interval between an afternoon and evening engagement :

I feel more alone than I can express. My father has hurried abroad, probably to remain until Christmas, or I may have to join him. I only see Philibert at meals, when his silence stupefies me. He is looking a little after things, for I cannot bring myself to face the association with people business involves ; but I think if my father cannot make up his mind to return after a few weeks that we shall shut up the house, for Philibert does not care for estate management, and will not attempt any sport this winter. Can you come to me for a few days ? I can ask no one else to do so ; I could not stand well-meant sympathy. Perhaps in asking you I am underrating the importance of your engagements—I cannot feel the importance of anything just now. I shall be a bad companion, but you shall be your own mistress, and I know you have some tastes compatible with solitude.

There was more, but Eva got no further ; she burst into such a passion of tears as she had not known since childhood. This outbreak of her pent-up feelings, reported to Mrs. Shaw by her maid, alarmed her beyond measure ; she failed to see any adequate cause for it in a letter that she acknowledged to be pathetic in its calmness, but quite insufficient to move her even-tempered daughter to uncontrolled tears. Mrs. Shaw regretted, lamented, and scolded in succession, until Eva's sobs grew subdued and the traces of her grief more conspicuous. She finally accorded an evening's rest, counselled bed, and then glided off to frame a graceful excuse for her daughter's absence, that should convey no hint of illness, but only suggest an interesting sympathy for a suffering friend.

She had, indeed, no time to understand her daughter, whose manner and tastes she had formed without troubling herself as to the disposition of her heart. The outburst irritated her, and her annoyance was increased when the morning light showed Eva's appearance to be entirely out of character with the *rôle* Mrs. Shaw conceived to be appropriate to her face and figure. She was pale and depressed, and under the circumstances engagements were best set aside *en bloc*. The upshot of a brief consideration was an ungrudged permission for a short visit to the Hill, which surprised Eva in no slight degree. As it was, the exhaustion that followed her unwonted tears, and a subsequent severe headache, forbade consecutive thought, and it was with a strange sense of waking from a long sleep that she found herself on the following afternoon again driving up to the door of Rayner's Hill, after an interval that seemed to be of years.

How long ago was it? Eva stood for a moment in the porch before she followed the servant into the house, and looked across the lawn once more.

The autumn tints lay bright on trees that had then been full of foliage, and the ashes in the home paddocks were stretching out black ungloved fingers towards the robin-hued thorns beneath them; the oaks were russet, while the elms fluttered down parti-coloured leaves on to the yellow carpet at their feet. But the afternoon sun still lay over all with a golden light, just as it had lain before, though at a later hour, and with a warmer glow. How long ago was it?

It had been a dry autumn, and the park lands laying aside their jewels, still retained enough to show the splendours they had worn, while the frost-touched turf, lying in stretches of varying shadow, added to the glow by reflecting it along long lines of yellow-buff and gold. The house looked dreamily still in the light, the long roof-line of the wings thrown back against a hazy blue sky, the pale smoke curling up slowly from their

moulded chimneys, and the gilt vane on the central tower above Eva's head shining steadily in the lowering sun. All was the same as on an earlier day, all save the figures that had walked side by side towards her across the turf as they could never walk together more. How long ago!

Within, the same likeness produced the same contrast, the frame unchanged in every detail; the same rooms, the same servants, the same routine, but the living picture faded from out of it, leaving no real image—only a memory.

Bell roused herself to meet her guest with the first social effort she had made, reviving from speechlessness to sadness. Something of her old self came back to her from the moment that the sight of Eva's smile moved her to say, with unwonted expansion: "It was so good of you to come!" although, at the first, her level tones struck Eva as a melancholy contrast to her old incisive utterance.

Hours were late at The Hill, and Bell was secure from interruption, but it was a long time before commonplace question and answer, comment or remark, developed into conversation. Gradually, however, Bell's speech grew retrospective, and she spoke out of the fulness of her heart. It was a tragically simple story that she told—a loaded gun, a footing missed, Philibert's anguish, and Philibert's silence. It was plain, too—plain enough for the stupid intelligence of a coroner's jury willing to follow direction—and so, to avoid harrowing the feelings of the surviving actor in it by doubts or questions that Dent's circumstantial testimony could resolve—the dead hare, the dead man, the remaining cartridge in each double-barrelled gun. The story was as simple, retold, as it had seemed to Joe, when, returning to his cottage, he saw down the vista of the woodland ride the group that, on his approach, resolved itself into its elements of dead and living crouched by the streamlet's edge, one human figure seeking for life in the other, the dead man and the dead animal alike warm, the living man cold and shivering in his anguish.

The dressing gong had sounded, but the two friends still lingered in the sitting-room until the sound of Philibert's heavy step outside checked the current of Bell's speech. Eva's heart beat fast as she paused, but the step passed on, and died away up the distance of the staircase opposite.

Bell rose slowly. "Shall we go and dress?" she asked, with an accent that was strange in its transition from the nervous quickness of her former talk. "Philibert seems to have come back;" and she led the way upstairs without another word.

Eva, alone for the moment, walked to the mirror in her room and questioned it. Did the sudden glow that burned in her cheek seem bright only because the last two days had paled it? Was it high enough for Bell to have noticed it in the shaded light of the room they had left, or was it only enough to reflect the emotion that her story would naturally arouse? Bell had shed tears, and Bell's own cheeks were flushed; the quasi-absurdity of a tear-stained pair would at least be better than the betrayal to either brother or sister of Eva's agitation at the prospect of meeting Philibert. She left the glass with a sigh at last, unable to decide, and conscious that a careful canvass of the result of her emotions would not tend to lessen the evidence of them.

Eva dressed in feverish haste, reminding herself that she was at The Hill to act as Bell's friend, not to philander with a man whose trouble must set aside all thought of love-making, and urging upon her conscience the fact that it was only in the confidence of being able to efface her own feelings that she had dared to pay such a visit at such a time. She had, it is true, persuaded herself that she should hardly see Philibert, hold no conversations with him; but then, on the very threshold of her stay, the unlikelihood of being able to confine their communications to those limits had begun to look problematical. Eva trembled at her own rashness, but resolved the more firmly on a course of simplicity both in feeling and manner, aided as

she was by a hope that Philibert's indifference to her presence now might help her, or that, if in any conjunction of events he sought her sympathy, the sense of his grief and her own position outside of it would be her safeguard.

But, even if it were possible to forget its influence upon herself, Eva found it beyond her power to divert her mind from Bell's story. Throughout it Philibert's name ran like a thread of connexion between the incidents; she found herself trying to picture his face when his brother fell, seeing its anguish as he realised the wound was fatal, knowing the care he bestowed upon the dead, and shuddering, as if she had herself felt it, at the misery that shook him as he broke the news to Bell by word of mouth, or to his father—as hard a task—by letter. Eva had followed the tale breathlessly through Bell's agitated sentences; but always, even when Edgar's name was on her lips, and Philibert's veiled under the impersonal “they” of narrative, Philibert had seemed to the hearer the motive of the story, and his name had been the sound for which her ear had waited.

AMES SAVILE.

(To be continued.)

The Dane in Italy.

THE Dane, the Swede, and the Norwegian have lately leavened the imaginative literature of the rest of Europe. Indeed, a Paris newspaper publicly bewails the decay of Southern lightness under the grave influence of such authors as Ibsen. But the enormous benefit conferred by the North upon the South will be admitted by all serious students of life and literature; and the South need not resent as an alien gift what is in reality only the repayment of an old loan. The North has long borrowed from the South its inspirations in poetry and prose. Anyone acquainted with Frederica Bremer's novels, for instance, will know that Frederica Bremer had visited Italy, where, by the way, she visited Pius IX., and learned from his fatherly lips, to her apparent surprise, that she and other Protestants of good will were really children of the Church. But Hans Christian Andersen, fifty years ago, made Italy almost the native land of Danish literature, particularly in his book "The Improvisatore"—the strange adventures of a little poet of the people. This book was translated by Mrs. Mary Howitt—a lady who was herself a link between North and South, for she loved Northern literature, yet ended her days in Rome—a Catholic convert when she was nearly eighty years of age. None who saw her at the Jubilee Celebrations of Pope Leo XIII. will forget that venerable figure, or the parting between the Pontiff and the aged neophyte—"We shall meet again in Paradise."

It is interesting to contrast the presentment of Italy fifty years ago with the presentment of it made familiar by the writers of to-day. The writers of to-day have all the advantage on their side. They have the modern gift of observation. First broad impressions have been taken before, and have become conven-

tions. The modern writer can charm only by simplicity and truth. Hans Andersen had to be conventional or nothing, and we must take him as he was—an expression of the spirit of his time. The scene of "The Improvisatore" is laid in Italy; like Madame de Staël's "Corinne," it combines with a thread of personal adventure, descriptions of scenery, observations on art, explanations of what we have no term for, unless we call it artist-feeling, and of the struggle so often unsuccessfully made by genius to overcome the external accidents of worldly position. That the author was, at least, well able to put himself in the place of his imaginary hero, is shown by the Preface to Mrs. Howitt's translation, where his own romantic history is given at some length: "Hans Christian Andersen," she says, "is one of those men who, from their earliest youth, have had to keep up a warfare with circumstances; a man like Burns and Hogg, who seemed destined by Fate to end their lives unnoticed in a village, and yet, sustained by an irrepressible will, have made themselves a part of the great world."

Extracts can give but a very imperfect notion of any book; but we must do what we can, and we shall begin with a scene in the Catacombs, which occurs in the childhood of the Roman hero (the future "Improvisatore"), and in company with a young Danish artist, who lodges at the house of little Antonio's poor and widowed mother:

"Our lodger, the young painter, took me with him sometimes on his little rambles beyond the gates. I did not disturb him whilst he was making now and then a sketch; and when he had finished he amused himself with my prattle, for he now understood the language. Once before, I had been with him to the Curia Hostilia, deep down into the dark caves where, in ancient days, wild beasts were kept for the games, and where innocent captives were thrown to ferocious hyænas and lions. The dark passages; the Monk who conducted us in, and continually struck the red torch against the walls; the deep cistern in which the water stood as clear as a mirror—yes, so clear that one was obliged to move it with the torch to convince one's

self that it was up to the brim, and that there was no empty space, as by its clearness there seemed to be ; all this excited my imagination. Fear, I felt none, for I was unconscious of danger.

“‘Are we going to the caverns?’ I inquired from him, as I saw at the end of the street the higher part of the Coliseum.

“‘No, to something much greater,’ replied he, ‘where thou shalt see something! and I will paint thee, also, my fine fellow!’

“Thus wandered we farther, and even farther, between the white walls, the enclosed vineyards, and the old ruins of the baths, till we were out of Rome. The sun burned hotly, and the peasants had made for their waggons roofs of green branches, under which they slept, while the horses, left to themselves, went at a foot’s pace and ate from the bundle of hay which hung beside them for this purpose. At length we reached the Grotto of Egeria, in which we took our breakfast, and mixed our wine with the fresh water that streamed out from between the blocks of stone. The walls and vault of the whole grotto were inside covered over with the finest green, as of tapestry woven of silks and velvet, and round about the great entrance hung the thickest ivy, fresh and luxuriant as the vine foliage in the valleys of Calabria. Not many paces from the grotto stands—or rather stood, for there are now only a few remains of it left—a little and wholly desolate house, built above one of the descents to the Catacombs. These were, as is well known, in ancient times, connecting links between Rome and the surrounding cities ; in later times, however, they have in part fallen in, and in part been built up, because they served as concealment for robbers and smugglers. The entrance through the burial-vaults in St. Sebastian’s Church, and this one through the desolate house, were then the only two in existence ; and I almost think that we were the last who descended by this, for shortly after our adventure it also was shut up ; and only the one through the church, under the conduct of a Monk, remains now open to strangers.

“Deep below, hollowed out of the soft earth, the one passage crosses another. Their multitude, their similarity one to another, are sufficient to bewilder even him who knows the principal direction. I had formed no idea of the whole, and the painter felt so confident that he had no hesitation in taking me, a little boy, down with him. He lighted his candle, and took another with him in his pocket, fastened a ball of twine to the opening where we descended, and our wandering commenced. Anon the pas-

sages were so low that I could not go upright ; anon they elevated themselves to lofty vaults, and where the one crossed the other expanded themselves into great quadrangles. We passed through the Rotonda with the small stone altar in the middle, where the early Christians, persecuted by the pagans, secretly performed their worship. Federigo told me of the fourteen Popes, and the many thousand martyrs, who here lie buried : we held the light against the great cracks in the tombs, and saw the yellow bones within. We advanced yet some steps onward, and then came to a stand, because we were at the end of the twine. The end of this Federigo fastened to his button-hole, stuck the candle among some stones, and then began to sketch the deep passage. I sat close beside him upon one of the stones ; he had desired me to fold my hands and to look upwards. The light was nearly burnt out, but a whole one lay hard by ; besides which he had brought a tinder-box, by the aid of which he could light the other in case this suddenly went out. My imagination fashioned to itself a thousand wonderful objects in the infinite passages which opened themselves and revealed to us an impenetrable darkness. All was quite still—the falling waterdrops alone sent forth a monotonous sound. As I thus sat, wrapped in my own thoughts, I was suddenly terrified by my friend the painter, who heaved a strange sigh, and sprang about, but always in the same spot. Every moment he stooped down to the ground as if he would snatch up something—then he lighted the larger candle and sought about. I became so terrified at his singular behaviour that I got up and began to cry.

“‘For God’s sake sit still, child !’ said he—‘for God in Heaven’s sake !’” And again he began staring on the ground.

“‘I will go up again !’ I exclaimed—‘I will not stop down here !’” I then took him by the hand and strove to draw him with me.

“‘Child ! child ! thou art a noble fellow !’ said he ; ‘I will give thee pictures and cakes—there, thou hast money !’ and he took his purse out of his pocket and gave me all that was in it : but I felt that his hand was ice-cold, and that he trembled. On this I grew more uneasy, and called my mother ; but now he seized me firmly by the shoulder, and shaking me violently, said, ‘I will beat thee if thou art not quiet !’ Then he bound his pocket handkerchief round my arm and held me fast, but bent himself down to me the next moment, kissed me vehemently, called me his dear little Antonio, and whispered : ‘Do thou also pray to the Madonna !’”

"'Is the string lost?' I asked.

"'We will find it—we will find it!' he replied; and began searching again. In the meantime the lesser light was quite burnt out, and the larger one, from its continual agitation, melted and burnt his hand, which only increased his distress. It would have been quite impossible to have found our way back without the string—every step would only have led us deeper down, where no one could save us. After vainly searching, he threw himself upon the ground, cast his arm around my neck, and sighed, 'Thou poor child!' I then wept bitterly, for it seemed to me that I never more should reach my home. He clasped me so closely to him as he lay on the ground that my hand slid under him. I involuntarily grasped the sand, and found the string between my fingers.

"'Here it is!' I exclaimed.

"He seized my hand, and became, as it were, frantic for joy; for our life actually hung upon this single thread. We were saved."

Then follows a scene which leads us on to the development of the obscure little chrysalis of a poet:

"When, after the visit, we returned home, it was somewhat late, but the moon shone gloriously, the air was fresh and blue, and the cypresses and pines stood with wonderfully sharp outlines upon the neighbouring heights. It was one of those evenings which occur but once in a person's life, which, without signalling itself by any great life-adventure, yet stamps itself in its whole colouring upon the Psyche-wings. Since that moment, whenever my mind goes back to the Tiber, I see it ever before me as upon this evening; the thick, yellow water lit up by the moonbeams—the black stone pillars of the old ruinous bridge, which, with strong shadow, lifted itself out of the stream where the great millwheel rushed round—nay, even the merry girls who skipped past with the tambourine and danced the saltarello. In the streets around Santa Maria della Rotonda, all was yet life and motion; butchers and fruit women sat before their tables, on which lay their wares among garlands of laurel, and with lights burning in the open air. The fire flickered under the chestnut pans, and the conversation was carried on with so much screaming and noise that a stranger, who did not understand a word, might have imagined it to be some contention of life and death. A little, square-built fellow, whose whole dress consisted of a shirt and short leather breeches, which hung loose and unbuttoned at the knees, sat with a guitar, and twanged

the strings merrily. Now he sang a song, now he played, and all the peasants clapped their hands. My mother remained standing, and I now listened to a song which seized upon me quite in an extraordinary way, for it was not a song like any other which I had heard. No! he sang to us of what we saw and heard, we were ourselves in the song, and that in verse and with melody. 'Antonio,' said Federigo to me, 'thou also shouldst improvise; thou art truly also a little poet! Thou must learn to put thy pieces into verse.' From this time forth everything was sung. I lived entirely in fancies and dreams—in the church when I swung the censer, in the streets amid the rolling carriages and screaming traders, as well as in my little bed beneath the image of the Virgin and the holy water vessel."

A visit, in the month of June, to the famous Feast of Flowers brought the little poet into contact with the world. On his journey with his mother he encounters one of those old women so dear to novelists—fleet, powerful, majestic, gaunt, rulers of destinies, and, above all, prophetesses of great things. Fulvia, the particular old woman in question, prophesies that "That broad hat will not shadow his brow when he stands before the people, when his speeches sound like music, sweeter than the song of Nuns behind the grating, and more powerful than thunder in the mountains of Albano." Eventually we find the boy under the patronage of the head of the great house of Borghese. The Prince places Antonio in a sort of monastic seminary, under a tutor who was a bit of a verse-maker:

"In later years I have often reflected on poetry, that singular divine inspiration. It appears to me like the rich gold ore in the mountains; refinement and education are the wise workmen who know how to purify it. Sometimes purely unmixed ore-dust is met with, the lyrical improvisation of the poet by nature. One vein yields gold, another silver; but there are also tin, and even more ordinary metals found, which are not to be despised, and which sometimes can, with polishing and adorning, be made to look like gold and silver. According to these various metals I now rank my poets—as golden, silver, copper, and iron men. But after these comes a new class, who only work in simple potter's clay—the poetasters—yet who desire as much to be admitted to the true guild."

The most conventional portion of the work is that which carries Antonio through his love adventures. In love, as in death, there is equality : many a man's heart has been broken—and woman's too—who had no eloquent words to describe their life-struggle ; and the love that is prefaced by intellectual dreaming can be but love, when all is said. Annunziata, with her gifts of melody and beauty ; Flaminia, with "the pious gentle countenance" ; Maria-Lara, that "union in partition," seen twice in his life under such different circumstances that to the last her identity is doubtful ; these and others pass before us, not as shadows, but realities ; and if in one instance there is a study of temptation, at least there are none of the confused notions of morality common in the novelettes of our own time.

Then we stumble once more on Federigo—the artist of the Catacombs ; the Dane had been for some years in his native regions, but had returned under that heart-sickness for Italy :

" 'There lies my dirty Itri !' exclaimed he, and pointed to the city before us. 'You would hardly credit it, Antonio, but in the North, where all the streets are so clean, and so regular, and so precise, I have longed for a dirty Italian town, where there is something characteristic, something just for a painter. These narrow, dirty streets ; these grey, grimy stone balconies, full of stockings and shirts ; windows without regularity, one up, one down, some great, some small ; here steps four or five ells wide leading up to a door, where the mother sits with her hand-spindle ; and there a lemon-tree, with great yellow fruit, hanging over the wall. Yes, that does make a picture ! But those cultivated streets, where the houses stand like soldiers, where steps and balconies are shorn away, one can make nothing at all of !' "

Antonio, encouraged by the Dane, and really obliged to find some means of livelihood for himself, reaches Naples, and determines to "come out" as an improvisatore. Before taking this decided step, however, he writes to his princely patron at Rome, to announce his intention ; and after some pause he receives a reply :

"I recognised the Borghese arms and the old Eccellenza's handwriting. I hardly dared to open it. 'Mother of God!' I prayed, 'be gracious to me! Thy will directs all things for the best!' I opened the letter and read: 'Signore,—Whilst I believed that you were availing yourself of the opportunity which I afforded to you of learning something, and of becoming a useful member of society, all is going on quite otherwise; quite differently from my intentions regarding you. As the innocent occasion of your mother's death, have I done this for you. We are quits. Make your *début* as improvisatore, as poet, when and how you will; but give me this one proof of your so-much-talked-of gratitude, never to connect my name, my solicitude for you, with your public life. The very great service which you might have rendered me by learning something, you would not render; the very small one of calling me benefactor is so repugnant to me, that you cannot do anything more offensive to me than to do that!' The blood stagnated at my heart; my hands dropped powerless on my knees; but I could not weep; that would have relieved my soul."

He appears, however, and succeeds—succeeds as splendidly as the paternal fondness of the novelist can make him—on the great stage of Naples. And he is presently taken into favour again in Rome by his noble patron, where we shall leave him, in luxury of life but bitterness of spirit:

"The Palazzo Borghese was now my home. Sometimes, however, the old teaching tone, the wounding, depreciating mode of treating me, returned; but I knew that it was intended for my good. I was considered as an excellent young man of talent, out of whom something might be made; and, therefore, everyone took upon himself my education. My dependence permitted it to those with whom I stood connected; my good nature permitted it to all the rest. Livingly and deeply did I feel the bitterness of my position, and yet I endured it. That was an education. Eccellenza lamented over my want of the fundamental principles of knowledge: it mattered not how much soever I might read: it was nothing but the sweet honey, which was to serve for my trade, that I sucked out of books. The friends of the house as well as my patrons kept comparing me with the ideal in their own minds, and thus I could not do other than fall short. The mathematician said that I had too much imagination, and too little reflection; the pedant, that I

had not sufficiently occupied myself with the Latin language. The politician always asked me, in the social circle, about the political news, in which I was not at home, and inquired only to show my want of knowledge. A young nobleman, who only lived for his stud, lamented over my small experience in horse-flesh, and united with others in a *Miserere* over me, because I had more interest in myself than in his horse. The first dancer in the city despised me because I could not make a figure in the ballroom: the grammarian, because I made use of a full stop where he placed a semicolon; and Francesca said that I was quite spoiled, because people made so much of me; and for that reason she must be severe, and give me the benefit of her instruction. Everyone cast his poison-drop upon my heart: I felt that it must either bleed or become callous. No beast is, however, so cruel as man! Had I been rich and independent, the colours of everything would soon have changed. Every one of them was more prudent, more deeply grounded, more rational than I. I learned to smile obligingly where I could have wept; bowed to those whom I lightly esteemed, and listened attentively to the empty gossip of fools. Dissimulation, bitterness, and *ennui* were the fruit of the education which circumstances and men afforded me. I who, with my whole soul, had clung to mankind, was now changed, like Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt. This gave rise to defiance in my soul. There were moments when my spiritual consciousness raised itself up in its fetters, and became a devil of high-mindedness, which looked down upon the folly of my prudent teachers, and, full of vanity, whispered into my ear, 'Thy name will live and be remembered when all these are forgotten, or are only remembered through thee, as being connected with thee, as the refuse and the bitter drops which fell into thy life's cup!'"

A. C. OPIE.

THE LEADENHALL PRESS, LTD.,
50, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"HAVE YE READ IT?" LOOK SHARP! By Mrs. R. W. WOODS,
Authoress of "Gatherings." Two Guineas.

SOCIALISM or PROTECTION? Which is it to be? A Question for the
Classes and the Masses. By M. H. One Shilling.

THE BUSINESSES OF A BUSY MAN. By R. S. WARREN BELL.
Three-and-Sixpence.

DOCTOR QUODLIBET: a Study in Ethics. By the Author of "Chronicles
of Westerly," "John Orlebar," "Culmshire Folk," etc. Three-and-Sixpence.

SONGS SUNG AND UNSUNG. By HAROLD BOULTON. Five Shillings.

Illustrated.
A PROFESSIONAL PUGILIST. By HARRY A. JAMES. Illustrated by
Kenneth M. Skeaping. One Shilling.

ENGLISH FARMING, AND WHY I TURNED IT UP. By ERNEST
BRAMAH. Two-and-Sixpence.

—EIGHTEEN OF THEM—SINGULAR STORIES. By WARWICK
SIMPSON. Three-and-Sixpence.

Illustrated.
HUMOURS AND ODDITIES OF THE LONDON POLICE COURTS,
from the Opening of this Century to the Present Time. Illustrated and Edited by
"DOGBERRY." Two-and-Sixpence.

A handsome quarto and covetable Present.
ECHOES: a Musical Birthday Book. By the Hon. Mrs. BRETT. Frontispiece
by Everard Hopkins. Twelve-and-Sixpence.

THE REMINISCENCES OF CHIEF INSPECTOR LITTLECHILD.
Two-and-Sixpence.

New Edition, profusely Illustrated.
A LIFE'S REMINISCENCES OF SCOTLAND YARD. By Detective
ANDREW LANSDOWNE, late of the Criminal Investigation Department. With One
Hundred and Ninety-one suggestive Illustrations by Ambrose Dudley.
One Shilling.

Profusely Illustrated.
A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LOTTERIES, now for the First Time Written.
By JOHN ASHTON. Illustrated with numerous Reproductions of Humorous Lot-
tery Bills, etc. Twelve-and-Sixpence.

ENGLISH COUNTY SONGS. (Words and Music.) Collected and Edited
by LUCY E. BROADWOOD and J. A. FULLER MAITLAND, M.A., F.S.A.
Six Shillings.

IN JEST AND EARNEST: a Book of Gossip. By JOSEPH HATTON, Author
of "The Reminiscences of J. L. Toole," "Henry Irving's Impressions of America,"
"Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "The Princess Mazaroff," etc. With a
Prefatory Address to his friend J. L. Toole. Two-and-Sixpence.

THE BOOK OF DELIGHTFUL AND STRANGE DESIGNS, being
One Hundred Fac-simile Illustrations of the Art of the Japanese Stencil Cutter, to
which the Gentle Reader is introduced by one ANDREW W. TUER, F.S.A.
Six Shillings.

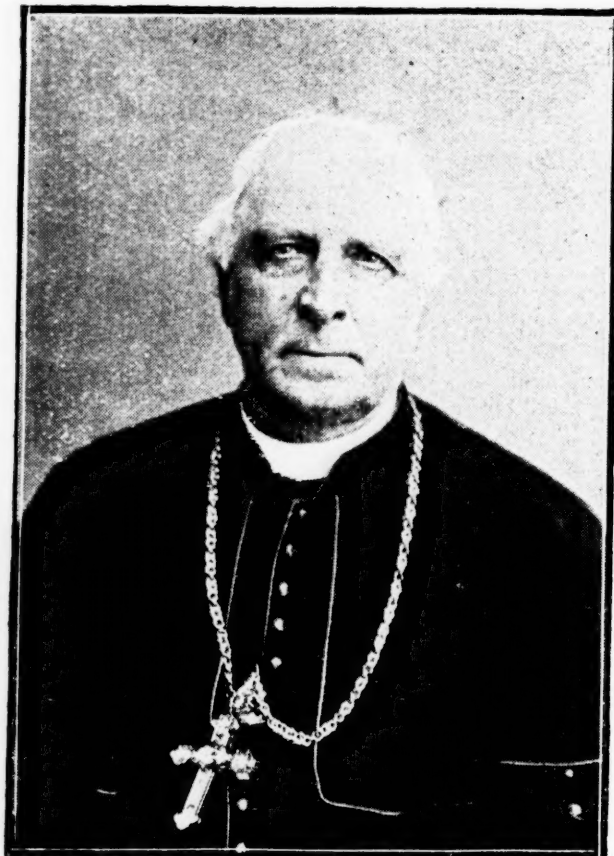
THE CHILD SET IN THE MIDST. By MODERN POETS. ("And He took
a little child and set him in the midst of them.") Edited by WILFRID MEYNELL.
With a Fac-simile of the MS. of "The Toys," by Coventry Patmore.
Six Shillings.

Illustrated.
NOVEL NOTES. By JEROME K. JEROME, Author of "The Idle Thoughts of
an Idle Fellow," "On the Stage—and Off," etc. Three-and-Sixpence.

New Edition, Illustrated.
ON THE STAGE—AND OFF. The Brief Career of a Would-be-Actor. By
JEROME K. JEROME. With One Hundred Illustrations by Kenneth M. Skeaping.
Half-a-Crown.

The Best Book of Alphabets Published.
A NEW SHILLING BOOK OF ALPHABETS, Plain and Ornamental,
Ancient and Modern. For the use of Architects, Clergymen, Decorators, Designers,
Draughtsmen, Teachers, etc. With a curiously interesting Alphabet (Capitals and
Small Letters) in Fac-simile from an Original MS., written by Charles I., together
with his Writing-Master's "Copy." One Shilling.

THE LEADENHALL PRESS, Ltd., 50, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW :
FORMERLY CANON EYRE OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.